

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

NOTICES from the City Hall informing us that our taxes are due and payable either in a lump sum or in instalments, will soon begin to arrive. I made solemn vows last year that I would not pay my taxes again without explicit information with regard to the numerous local improvement items which annually adorn my tax paper. I still hold that every taxpayer has a right to find on his tax paper the date when he began paying for the sewer, sidewalk, or pavement, or all of them, for which he is assessed. As I happen to live on a corner I have quite an array of these little things to settle; and to point the moral and adorn the tale, I last year reproduced a facsimile of a little bunch of figures from my tax paper which is supposed to convince me that I owe for various street improvements, some of which appear to me to have been running from a period anterior to which the memory of man runneth not. I contended then, and have found no reason to change my contention since, that I should be informed when each one of these things began to be as intimately connected with my housekeeping as my coal and milk bills. Those rendering me accounts for the necessities of life, or such goods as have been purchased by or for me, are expected to take the pains to state when the bill was incurred, and in giving me a receipt to specify what balance, if any, is due. It is time that the city accountant rendered to taxpayers an itemized bill which may be preserved for the purpose of future reference. Properties have changed hands so frequently, and some of the improvements were constructed so long ago, that everyone should know just how much has been paid and how much remains to be paid with regard to each sidewalk, sewer, or pavement. As the city offices are about to be moved, this should be made a jubilee year to the extent of an itemized account. Here is the facsimile I presented last year:

Local Improvement Rates—

From Wednesday, the 6th of October, to Monday, the 10th of October, both days inclusive (Sunday excepted):		\$	cts.
Sewer		26	34
Roadway		26	32
Sidewalk		9	78
Grading, Widening, Street Extension, &c.			480
Snow Cleaning			

Many of the pavements and sidewalks of Toronto are in a scandalous condition. The most strenuous efforts are made to obtain sufficiently signed petitions for local improvements, but the people do not know where they "are at" with regard to the worn-out "improvements," and can rarely be induced to enter into a new project. No doubt if they were accurately informed as to the almost immediate expiry of the taxes for the old sidewalks or pavements, they would be much better disposed towards new ones. Not one taxpayer in fifty knows whether the sewer, sidewalk or pavement for which he is being taxed, was built on a ten, fifteen or twenty year plan. Not one in a hundred has preserved the date of his first payment, or can tell when his last payment will be due. How can we expect men who have such vague ideas of what they owe, to be willing to incur new obligations? Surely the old pavements and sidewalks have lasted, in good and bad repair, for nearly the length of time covered by the assessments. Can it be that the City Hall authorities are ashamed to give the details of their transactions? Is it possible that anyone imagines that ignorance with regard to the expected duration of public improvements will assist the bearers of petitions to obtain signatures asking for the replacement of worn-out streets? Let us have an honest and candid accounting for everything we have had and for which we are paying. The truth will hurt nobody, and every taxpayer will be able to act more intelligently, and probably more progressively, if he knows what his present liabilities are.

Moreover, the present way of running accounts is liable to extraordinary abuses. The taxpayer who had a pavement put down on the ten year plan and has paid for it, may, by accident or design, be still paying as if it were a fifteen or twenty year contract. Of course it would require a collusion of officials in the City Hall to work such a scheme on the taxpayer, but such things have happened, not only in public, but in private, affairs, and the tax bill itself should be an effectual check. It is said that each taxpayer can go to the City Hall and verify his tax paper. There must be some twenty or thirty thousand taxpayers in Toronto, and if they all followed a business method of looking into their accounts, the collector's office would be jammed from now until Christmas. The time each man would waste would aggregate an enormous amount, and the additional clerks required would be vastly in excess of those necessary to make out a detailed statement upon each tax paper. It is idle to urge that every man should keep his original local improvement account. Properties have changed hands too frequently to make this sort of thing practicable. The majority of taxpayers are not business men and do not keep letter files or books to which they can refer. It is the city's business to take care of those detail and annually present the taxpayer with an itemized account. Last year Assessment Commissioner Fleming told me that he was in favor of this method; let us insist upon it being adopted. What is wanted is this: The date when the public improvement was to be constructed; the number of years for which the property was to be assessed for the payment of the cost; the amount per annum; the number of years this amount has been paid; the number of years which remain to be paid. Every citizen who receives a tax bill without these details should send it back and ask for the items. If this is done, even to a limited extent, we shall soon have a businesslike statement sent to us.

HAVE often had occasion to remark that religion, red hair and politics are hereditary. It is seldom, however, that any one of these separates itself from surrounding circumstances and endeavors to stalk into public notice as a thing which, apart from endeavor, public opinion or constitutional right, demands recognition by and for itself. A man who took the ground that because he had red hair he should be represented in the Cabinet, and that all red-haired people were derelict in their duty if they did not insist upon a properly selected red-haired statesman, would be considered an urgent candidate for the insane asylum. If the red-headed men of this country have a parliament anywhere, or if the bald-headed men have a senate, or if the cross-eyed men have a convention, the general public will not quarrel with them when they elect their delegates, nor will outsiders endeavor to intrude themselves upon their deliberations. When the religious people have their synods, presbyteries, conventions, or other reunions of those entertaining a particular belief, politicians do not hasten to openly introduce themselves as an element in all the domestic controversies which people of a uniform religious belief still find liable to demand attention.

In politics, we elect the people that either suit us or are less objectionable than anybody else. We are not in the habit of asking them what they believe with regard to some religious creed, nor do we go on the principle that a red-haired man is the only one who can represent red-haired people, or that a man with black hair is an intrusion and a fraud if he offers to sit in parliament for a constituency that is distinctly blond. Ye gods, think of such a situation!

Our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, however, are either being misrepresented or made the butt of few designing office-hunters, or they are possessed by a notion which they ought to drop. In the Separate school matters of Ontario, and the Remem-

dial Bill as it affected Manitoba and the Dominion, and in every thing concerning religion in politics, I have been, and am, unalterably opposed to the introduction of religious tenets into politics. To me it seems inexcusable for a man to parade that sacred thing which represents his connection with his Maker; to use as an asset that thing which implies his hope of salvation, or to spread before the uncleanness of politics, with a hope of preferment, the incense which he should offer to God. I am firmly convinced that men who do this sort of thing have lost all the faith and comfort of their religion; and while they destroy politics, inasmuch as they parade before men who are not religious, that essence or supposed good of their nature which should be given up in prayer or sacrifice to God, they are shamming and make others ashamed who are sincere. The most terrible episodes in human history have been those occasioned by the degradation of religion, and the fanaticism inspired in the ignorant by those self-seeking few who have sought to obtain preferment by trailing in the filth of politics that which their fathers and mothers taught them for their souls' salvation and not to obtain

Premier, who is also a French-Canadian. In Dominion politics I am proud to support him and to be considered, even in a remote sense, his friend and one who can be relied upon to help him. A more perfect gentleman cannot be found in the Dominion of Canada than the leader of the Dominion Government, but I must admit, and thousands of his friends must admit, that if the presence of a Roman Catholic Premier is to be the excuse for Roman Catholics to make a raid upon either the Federal or the Provincial Government, with the avowed purpose of demanding the right to appoint or the right to select Ministers of their own sect, I am absolutely on the other tack.

I do not believe that it is the accident of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Catholicism that has led to this demand; on the contrary, I believe that as a Roman Catholic and a French-Canadian he has been harder to move by the selfish appeals of his Church and his party than a Protestant would have been, and that for this reason ambitious and unscrupulous Roman Catholics have taken it upon themselves to do what no one with any sense would have dared to do, and which nothing but the necessities of their personal politics would have inclined them to do, had we had a Protestant Premier in the Dominion, or a Premier in Ontario whose Protestantism and principles generally were not so flabby as to make him an easy mark for those who shout and present a bold front. There is nothing left for us but to watch the result of this preposterous presumption. If the thing works, as its promoters believe it will work, then resistance must begin. If the

for the Canadian people when the petition is herewith presented, that this sort of thing be stopped.

THE itch which seems to possess a certain sect of politicians to bring Newfoundland into Confederation, is extraordinary. As far as we can judge from this distance, Newfoundland has just parted with all the franchises and public lands and desirable things which would make it much of an asset if added to Canada. I speak with a knowledge of what the Dominion Government believes in this matter when I say that until the French shore question is settled, Newfoundland is an impossible proposition. We have had all the French questions necessary to settle the stomach of this country; now we are at peace, and we are not liable to import a new source of disturbance. The Reid Syndicate has obtained about all there is of Newfoundland that is available; and like the British Columbia Government with its Crow's Nest Pass and the coal lands generally, Newfoundland, having traded off its jackknife, is willing to talk business when it cannot be the loser. Those who are eager to round off Confederation by adding the new province should take considerable pains in figuring up the proposition before entertaining it.

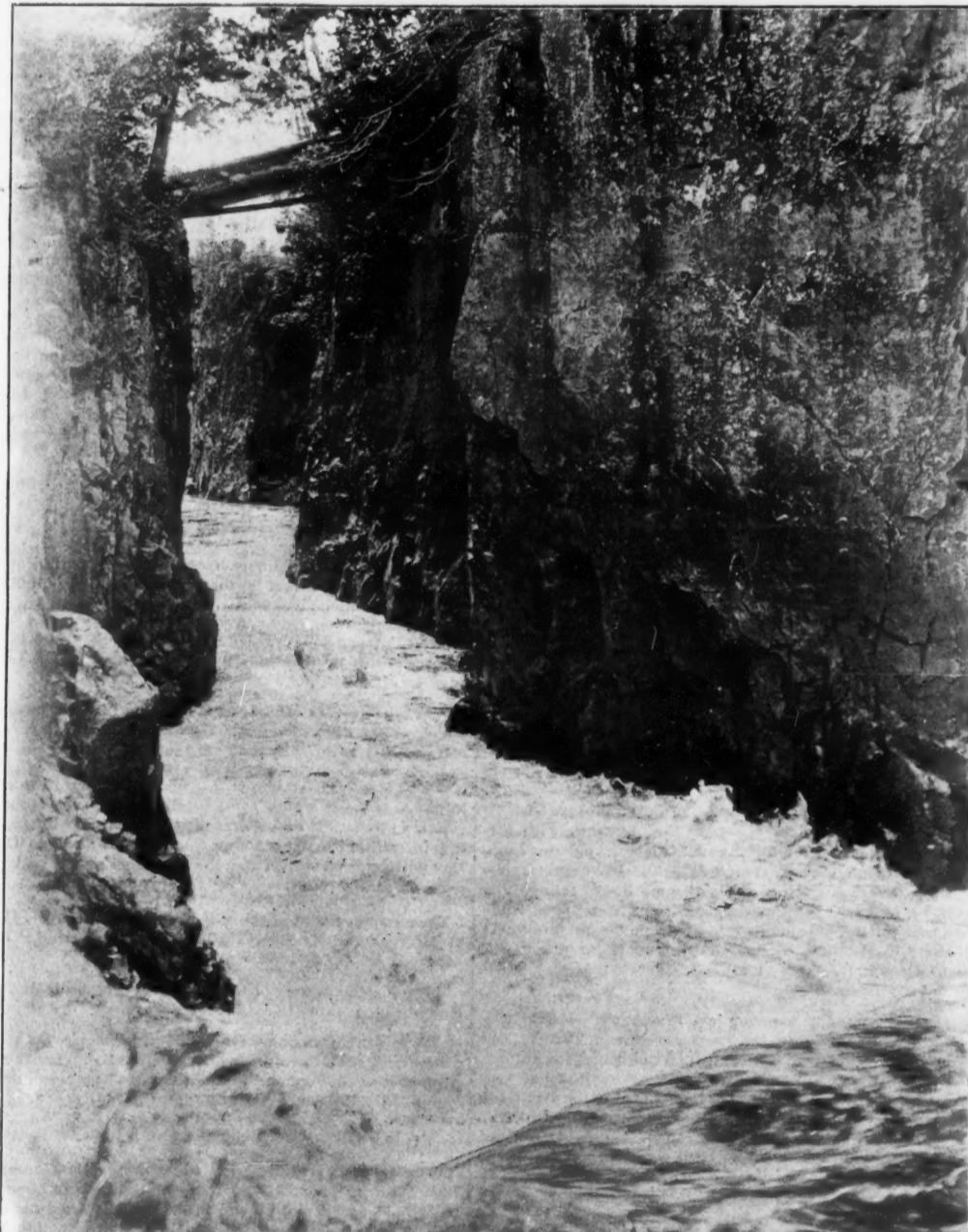
THE Opposition in the Federal Parliament has shown itself to be as clumsy and tactless as a turtle, and it is to be feared that not only are they a long way from recovering possession of the Treasury benches, but they are almost valueless as critics of the Government. So far during the present Parliament the Opposition has first favored and then opposed the policy of granting public money to private concerns for the building of railways. They are evidently willing at any stage of the game to throw up both hands and help the railroads rob the country if at the same time they benefit themselves. They are also willing to criticize the details of any grant given to any railroad, not as those having a policy of a better sort, but merely as those who are willing to run with the hare or hunt with the hounds—whichever promises better in the matter of obtaining votes, influence, and contributions. The people of Canada can have no confidence in an Opposition which, according to the old saying, is always willing to dine with the Whigs and vote with the Tories. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company seems to be the master of the situation. No doubt if we were able to conduct so great a concern as cleverly as the C. P. R. has been conducted, we would use the same tactics as that great corporation is using, but it should make us all feel very small to believe that Messrs. Van Horne and Shaughnessy possess all the brains of this great Dominion.

Somebody in Parliament, if not in the Government, should have a railroad policy. It would pay someone to make a grand bluff at having one, even if nothing definite is obtainable. It would seem to the outsider who watches the railroads bullying and be-bausing and be-deviling Parliament about to suit themselves, that the representatives of the people should decide on some way of preventing such great institutions from making Canada a mere right of way for their transportation systems. If nothing can be done to rectify the errors of the past, surely something can be accomplished in the direction of checkmating these powerful organizations when they reach for further cinches. If subsidies have been given in a wrong way in the past, let no subsidies be given hereafter unless ample safeguards are obtained for the protection of the people. If it is necessary to bring the great railroads to time, let laws be passed and bring up the companies with a sharp jerk. In thirty minutes a bill could be put through Parliament, if Parliament were not afraid of the railroads, which would make these great magnates sit up and talk in a sweater tone of voice. Parliament dare not pass such a law, and the fact that it has not the courage to attempt it is a disgrace to the whole Canadian community.

Canadians should remember that the situation is not now the same as it was twenty or thirty years ago. There is plenty of money in Canada and plenty more obtainable. Our Parliamentary deliberations prove to us most absolutely that what Canada needs is not money, but brains, courage, executive ability. To see over two hundred representatives of the Canadian people pulled and pushed about as the members of the House of Commons are being treated, as, in fact, they are treating themselves and one another, is a sickening thing. If the present Government falls down over any special thing it will be over its lack of spinal column in connection with railroad matters. That it has not already met with severe reverses is owing to the fact that the Opposition is more slavishly disposed to fawn at the feet of railroad magnates than the Government itself. The few men in Parliament who have undertaken to fight the battle of the people to prevent subsidies being granted unless safeguarded to such an extent that the money cannot become the private property of a company to be used for the oppression of the settler, the miner and the shipper, are doing the best work that is being done in Canada. Prosperity makes us more or less oblivious of the fatuous course which we are pursuing in organizing, strengthening, and making almost invincible, corporations to whom Parliament itself soon must bow down.

The *Globe* is showing some signs of an awakening sense of duty, yet it talks as vaguely about these safe-guards and a different system of assisting the construction of roads needed for the development of the country, as if it were handling some very delicate point in theology. There is nothing delicate or vague about the position the people and their representatives should take in this connection. Nearly every dollar spent in railroads in Canada which represents work done and country opened up, came from the pockets of the people. Watered stocks and squandered cash must have some place in the book-keeping of the companies, but not in the accounts of the people. People have a right to demand that these roads shall be operated for the public benefit, and not for the enrichment of men who, as a matter of fact, took slight, if any, chances of loss. So far as the people are concerned, it is no exaggeration to say that they have been flimflammed out of nearly every dollar that they have bestowed. The title of the people to the money they have invested faded away as soon as the bonuses and subsidies were converted into cash. Worse still, their representatives in Parliament have permitted these enormous corporations, created by public taxation, to become the masters instead of the servants of the people. Why should anybody talk vaguely about these things? Why should column editorials be written which contain so little courage that they end with an indefinite suggestion that something ought to be done, and "may some time in the near future" be done, to prevent more of the sweat-stained dollars of the populace being turned into instruments for their own oppression? The Government at Ottawa, and the Government of Ontario, and the party in opposition at both capitals, should devote themselves to defining a railroad policy of some sort and sticking to it; and if it be for the benefit of the people the proposers of it will receive ample support.

BRITISH COLUMBIA has demonstrated that its business methods are swifter than those of any other province in the Dominion. It may be that the Semlin-Martin Government may be going faster in the matter of laws against alien miners and Japanese than the Federal or Imperial authorities will permit, but it is refreshing to notice the vigorous alertness of the Government of which fighting Joe Martin is practically the head. Anything affecting the province receives immediate attention, and there is not the slightest backwardness when the Government has occasion to speak. The Imperial Government having apparently fallen down on the Pacific cable project, British Columbia at once comes forward and offers to pay a



SCENE ON THE MONTREAL RIVER, LINDSAY DISTRICT.

From a photo by F. Britton.

persons who are nobodies, unless they are somebodies as Roman Catholics, are thrusting themselves forward as the representatives of the Catholics of Ontario. These dynamitards of politics have introduced themselves to the public and to the executive of this province, as having authority. The Protestants of this country are too well informed and have become too astute by experience to actively oppose the project of those who have elected themselves to accomplish a most dangerous and improper task. It remains with the Roman Catholics themselves to say whether these people who have gone up to Hon. Mr. Hart, the Commissioner of Public Works, and impertinently interrogated him as to his prospects of remaining in public office, and when he is likely to retire, are speaking with the authority of their fellow sectarians. An impertinence of a parallel sort cannot be found in the history of this country. Had Hon. Mr. Hart thrust them out of his door and pushed them downstairs he would have been quite within his social and political rights. If the Premier of this province passes over the insult without demanding an apology, or inflicting upon those who were the perpetrators of the outrage a rebuke which will be always remembered, the people will have to take up the quarrel and insist upon the reduction of these blatherskites to a proper sense of their level.

We have had enough racial and religious rows in this country, and there is no better time than the present to insist that agitators who assume to represent the Roman Catholic or any other denomination, be made to keep their place. As far as the people of Canada are concerned there is no religion in this country, except as the individual believes and practices the doctrines which seem to him best. As an aggregation no denomination has a right to ask for anything, much less to demand anything. I have no prejudices against Roman Catholicism, any more than I have against the Anglican faith, but I certainly am not going to sit quiet and observe any of my religious neighbors organizing to give me the worst of it, or to assume that their religion gives them privileges in the state which I do not enjoy. I remarked that now is the best time to settle this row. In the Dominion we have a Roman Catholic

impertinences are realized and a preposterous clique is snubbed, the incident will be closed.

THE installation of a new Archbishop in Toronto was an important event to the very numerous and exceedingly respectable section of the community which looks to him for spiritual guidance. I cannot see, however, that it was any reason for the attendance of Federal Cabinet Ministers, or for the presence of the Premier of Canada. While it might be urged that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was there because he was a Roman Catholic, it cannot be said that Protestants who are members of the Cabinet were there for the same reason. This sort of thing encourages our Roman Catholic brethren to believe that politicians must all chase them and give up the best they have in order to capture them. I do not occupy this ground. If our chief men had to put in an appearance at the inauguration of Archbishop O'Connor in order to obtain his good will, we ought to know it. If we have to nurse the feet of every church dignitary, Catholic or Protestant, in order to obtain church support, it should be made a part of our constitution instead of, as at present, being made a section of our self-abnegation. No doubt the Liberals thought they were doing a very clever thing by presenting themselves at the consecration of the Archbishop. If that is their size of politics, the people ought to know it. If they are willing to lie with their faces in the dust in front of the archiepiscopal throne or a Methodist convention, we can easily conceive of them lying in the same posture before the Canadian Pacific, or in the presence of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, or any old thing that pretends to have a political pull. We have had enough of this sort of guff. This country demands an administration that walks upright, insists upon its dignity, and asserts itself as the executive of a great people which is controlled by neither religious fanaticism nor railroad greed. I am quite convinced that the weakness which has been shown in the face of both the church and railroad magnates has been caused by a desire to prevent friction. The suggestion that I take the liberty of making is that this sort of thing does not prevent friction, but causes it, and I am quite sure that I speak

generous share such as should put the Mother Country to shame. Those capable of estimating the probable income of the line say that it should not be a losing project for more than four or five years. The present line gets \$1.15 per word, and those who have been looking into the matter say that if the new line got only fifty cents a word and got only a quarter of the business, the deficit would be less than \$300,000, which would decrease the cost to each country interested to a figure considerably less than half of what is suggested. As a matter of fact, the chances are all in favor of the line being a paying one, and it seems a shame that the project should fail because of Great Britain's lack of interest or on account of the influence which the existing companies have with Downing street officials.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is still enquiring with regard to Lord Aberdeen's refusal to load up the Senate and such offices as were vacant when his administration was beaten. One would think that the ex-Premier would be ashamed to admit that after so many years of Conservative rule he attempted to make nearly all the appointments which needed making for years, when he was in his political coffin and the lid was being screwed down. If Lord Aberdeen was unconstitutional in his conduct, nobody denies that he was absolutely right and just. In the British constitution there is so much unwritten law and so much elasticity, that the Home Office will find no difficulty in satisfying "Uncle Charlie" that he has no grievance. Moreover, the people of this country are sick and tired of hearing the old man belly-aching over his failure to provide his camp-followers with the plunder of an enemy which had given him such an extraordinarily good licking in battle.

THE idea of establishing in the North-West an institution to which the better-class of Englishwomen could come for a few weeks' training to fit them for housekeeping or farming on the prairies, is a project well worth the consideration of the Dominion Government. A prominent society lady in Toronto has done much to bring this project before the British public, where it has been warmly received. Letters from her have been published in the London *Times*, and Miss Flora Shaw has devoted considerable space to enlarging upon the suggestion she received through a letter from her. It is suggested that on land adjacent to the experimental farm, which is so beautifully located near Brandon, a large home should be built, to which Englishwomen might with safety come expecting to receive training in housekeeping and the details of poultry raising, and the care of such domestic animals as ordinarily fall under a woman's hand when living on a ranch. Without doubt there are thousands of women in the British Isles who have a small income, who could very successfully take care of cows, and sheep, and pigs, and poultry, and contribute very largely to the mixed farming which is lacking in a country where the temptation is so great to grow wheat or stock almost entirely. If these Englishwomen, whether they have any means of their own or not, could be induced to come to the North-West, their opportunities to make a livelihood as housekeepers would be exceedingly good. Though there is no suggestion of making a matrimonial agency of such an institution, yet it would be a distinct betterment of the present condition of affairs if we could induce, by the hundreds, the women who find themselves stranded in the Old Country to come out to this new land and place themselves in a position where the men who want wives, and, in every sense of the word, helpmates, could communicate with them and find either wives or housekeepers.

Such a residence as is suggested, without great cost could be roomy enough to accommodate single women who come to look after opportunities to make a living. None but those who know the disadvantages under which single women struggle, can appreciate how loath decently nurtured females are to thrust themselves into a new country uninformed as to the opportunities of obtaining employment, and suspicious of all advances made to them by the sterner sex. It is not proposed that what would really be an immigrant home for women should have any feature of pauperism about it. After the building is constructed, it is proposed that the fees from those remaining a few days or weeks, should make the institution self-supporting. There is no doubt that applications for all the female help which would naturally come to the institution, would be much in excess of the supply, though the fact has already been made evident that England is willing to adopt the suggestion and contribute most liberally to the transportation of those who desire to find homes in our prairie country. It is worth while viewing it for a moment from the Old Country standpoint. The young men of England and Ireland and Scotland find it difficult enough to gain sufficient money to emigrate to the colonies. We know that youth is selfish, and that when the young fellow finds his feet and begins to get along, his first impulse is to marry and to forget that he has other cares than the new ones he assumes in the new land. For this reason thousands of women, the sisters of those who go out to make homes, are left with no choice but to become shop girls or servants. There is no population which Canada needs more than the fairly well educated, wholesome and motherly women of the Old Land. After all it is more important that the best women of the Old Country should come here than it is that the best men should be amongst our immigrants. Without casting any slight upon Canadian women, I think it can be truthfully said that the steady-nerved, well-nurtured woman of the Old Country, as a mother could be trusted to produce the very best population in our North-West. In immigration matters I think that perhaps the mother part of the problem has been forgotten. The excessive female population of the old lands and the large excess of men in new countries, are both problems which economists have noted without suggesting a method of bringing about a change. The institution which is suggested in the North-West is the solution of what otherwise will still further lower the birth rate and diminish the happiness of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is not suggested that women from the slums or the cities be encouraged to offer themselves to the North-West; there are sufficient Englishwomen whose reputations are thoroughly good and who are thoroughly wholesome and vigorous, both physically and mentally, to crowd a score of such institutions as the one suggested. They can be found already attached to the soil, and ready to undertake the tasks of farm life, fully equipped with those maternal desires which make a woman skillful in raising the offspring of animals, and, let it not be forgotten, also possessed of the maternal instinct which desires offspring of her own. It is scarcely a matter of wonderment that in cities, where the conditions of life are so hard and where the children are both expensive to rear and deterrent as far as the making of a livelihood is concerned, women object to having large families. On the prairies a large family is not only necessary to relieve the loneliness of the situation, but each one, no matter how small, is an assistant to the mother and the father. I think enough has been said to point out that those in charge of immigration matters might very well follow on the lines which have been suggested, and which have already been so enthusiastically received in England, for it means much more than the mere placing of a few hundred women who find that making a living in the Old Country is difficult, if not impossible; it means the saving of many ranchers fromrecklessliving; the growth of a vigorous and well constituted generation in our West, and the supply of a female population which is necessary to every agricultural country, for it must not be forgotten that all countries which are successful in agriculture rely largely upon the women for the work done in the gardens and the little fields which cluster about the homes. Finally it may as well be stated that men and women must live so as to produce children or civilization is a failure. If this be not done in the North-West tilling the land will fail, for the new generation will not be there to gather the crop.

The reception given by the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto was much enjoyed by the assembled friends and relatives of the girls, who well deserved the holiday that His Grace granted them at the conclusion of the programme. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Elmsly, Col. Mason, Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Dr. and Mrs. Dwyer, Dr. and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. Anglin, J. J. Foy, Q.C., M.P.P., Inspector White, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Anglin, Very Rev. J. J. McCarron, Rev. Dr. Teefy, C.S.B.; Very Rev. Father Martin, Rev. Father Hand, McEntee, Rohleder, Miller, Jeffcott, Cline, Walsh, La Marche, Healy, Brennan, Murray, McBrady, Carberry, Cruise, Sheridan, McCap, Minehan, O'Donoghue, Fraher, Fennigan.



BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Have We Any First-class Oratory in Canada?

Not very much says Mack.

There has been some discussion of late as to whether Joseph Howe or Thomas D'Arcy McGee was the greater orator, but it seems to have been conceded by the London *News* and the other papers that took part in the argument, that these two were the finest orators we have had among Canadian public men. What

is an orator? We think of Edmund Burke as a great orator, yet in his day men fled the House of Commons when he arose to speak. We charge Edward Blake with being too cold to be a true orator, yet people always listen to him with deep interest, and perhaps if he had spoken more upon morals and less upon law and economics he might have left a couple of volumes of noble speeches. Sir Wilfrid Laurier finds it very difficult, I fancy, to restrain the orator within him—but his position requires that he be not glowingly imaginative, but as severely practical as possible. Hon. G. W. Ross will be recognized as an orator after his death, no doubt, but now he is tied up to subjects that are hopelessly petty and he grows constantly more wordy. Of men of to-day I think that perhaps a better book of orations could be gleaned from the speeches of Sir Adolphe Chapleau than from those of any other Canadian—that is, if we were seeking for imagery, lofty sentiments, and impassioned eloquence. But on the whole, oratory is with us a meagre growth.

La haute éloquence existe-t-elle au Canada? et vous me demandez de répondre à une question aussi indiscrète. Ne savez-vous donc pas qu'il y a à cet égard des conventions inaltérables que mortel ne doit pas enfreindre? Sachez donc que tel et tel orateur sont sacrés des Demosthène, des Mirabeau, des Berryer et des Gambetta, et qu'il n'est pas permis de déranger ce cliché surtout pour parler d'un nom qui ne fait pas d'ors et déjà partie de la pleiade. Dans le milieu Canadien les admirations sont tout stéréotypées et il faut gagner ses épaulettes à l'ancienneté, très peu au mérite. En France, la période troublée dont la fermentation nous arrive jusqu'ici, vient de produire des polémistes de la langue et de la plume qui ont saisi le peuple de leur vigueur, la précision et la beauté des images, les Barrès, Jaurès, Gohier sont l'élite jeune de cette école qui s'afforce de passer des certitudes aux négociations sans y perdre de valeur morale. Nous nous en tenons ici aux modèles types. Les jeunes libéraux sont des Lahier, les jeunes conservateurs sont des Chapleau et la race s'en fait rare. L'idéal intellectuel fait défaut et c'est l'idéal humain qui y supplie d'une façon insuffisante, car l'éloquence doit être frappée au cachet d'une époque et non d'un homme. La haute éloquence de nos jours doit être le reflet des sentiments courants. J'avoue qu'elle ne peut avoir les évolutions d'autre fois, que des dures réalités qui nous heurtent n'élèvent pas l'âme, mais elles font appel au cœur; les besoins et les appétits ont leur éloquence et font la marque distinctive de celle qui n'existe pas encore parmi nous.

Oratory has changed somewhat since the days of Demosthenes and Cicero. The last named gentleman was a great hand for ending his sentences with three sonorous synonyms—the Cleveronian triad. It is called by classical scholars. Hon. G. W. Ross follows this model and is the best exponent of it in Canada. I have heard members of the Ontario press gallery remark that it is not quite suited to live questions and that it goes better when the subject is in perspective. The manner of Mr. Ross's oratory never consoled better with the matter than on the occasion of Sir John Macdonald's statue in Queen's Park being unveiled. That was his plenilune. Mr. Hardy's speeches are very much synopsized—quite rag-time in fact—and almost Gallic in their profuse gesticulation. The palm for plain speaking lies, I think, with Mr. Carscallen, the member for Hamilton. He has a rapid apprehension of any subject, however complicated, and leaves an impression on his audience as clear as his own method of thought. I have not heard the Ottawa parliamentarians from the altitude of the press gallery, but judging by their public performances Sir Richard Cartwright carries off the honors for graphic, if somewhat mordant, expression. Mr. Foster is also a great orator but too didactic.

Sitting more or less frequently, session after session, in the Press galleries in Toronto and Ottawa, I am compelled to express the opinion that in Canada we have lots of talk but very little oratory. The habits of the House of Commons, for instance, put oratory out of the question. The honorable member gets up and talks, talks, hour after hour, and so raw is the condition of his subject-matter, so slowly has been his preparation, that everyone within hearing yearns to have the thing over. The man is a speech-maker, he is talking so that his constituency will think he is "some pumpkins" at Ottawa; on, he goes, reading passages from official reports, rehashing material that was better handled the day before, but determined to fill some pages of Hansard and to keep up, at home, the fiction that he is somebody. In parliamentary speeches there has been no preliminary compression, no boiling down of the sap into syrup—the man rises to his feet, and then proceeds to tap the tree, draw the sap, put on the pot, start the fire boil the fluid, and at tedious length makes a mess of it that is neither syrup nor sugar. He should not do all this in his speech; he should have done most of it before he arose. An editor can debate any subject in a one, or at most a two column editorial, but a member of Parliament will talk seven or eight columns off the reel. This is largely due to sheer laziness, and pressmen who listen as public speakers approach subjects from one side and then the other, lock up and try again, often say that such work would not be tolerated in their profession. There is also a heavy levity that curses this country and makes earnest souls ashamed to expose the sacred fires that glow within.

Social and Personal.

The pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwin Morrison of King street, Parkdale, was the scene of one of the pleasantest eucharistic parties of the season on Thursday night of last week. The rooms were decorated with flowers and palms, and the hostess was assisted by Mrs. Whitcomb of Chicago, who has been spending the winter in Toronto. About thirty guests sat down to the tables and enjoyed a very exciting game, after which refreshments were followed by dancing and singing, the inevitable cake-walk ending a most enjoyable evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. Clarence A. Caldwell (*nee* Morrison), who is here from New York on a visit with her parents in St. George street; Mrs. W. G. Brown, Mr. D. F. McGuire and Mr. W. G. Brown. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lugdin, Mr. and Miss May, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mr. Britt, the Misses Lillian and Edith Kent, Miss Morrison, Miss Madwin, Mrs. B. Brown, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Cliff Rolph and Mr. Morrison.

On Friday, May 5, the second annual assault at arms was given by the boys of Ridley College in the Masonic Hall, St. Catharines. They were assisted by Lieut. Thrift Burnside, Sergeant Williams and Sergeant Grant, all of the 48th Highlanders. The programme was long and varied, including exercises on the vaulting-horse, horizontal and parallel bars, fencing,



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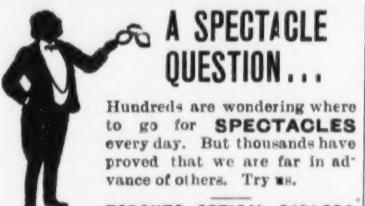
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Personal Notes from the Capital



He held up our hands in amazement at the dinners of seventy or eighty given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen. We looked regretfully at the small and exclusive dinners of other days. With the advent of Lord Minto, those who know it all said that the large dinner was doomed—the banquet, as some derisively styled it. He would know whom to ask, they said, and whom not to ask, and the honor of dining at Government House would be all the greater when the party was limited in number. Small and select was what the dinners of Lord Minto were going to be. And has the prediction been fulfilled? Not a bit of it. Lord Minto has broken the record—as Ottawa knows it; instead of the seventy and eighty invited by Lord Aberdeen, one hundred and twenty-five have been invited by Lord Minto. On two occasions last week the guests invited to dine at Government House reached this high number. A few of them "were unavoidably prevented from attending by illness or other causes," as the newspaper formulates, but the majority were there. They were for the most part Senators, members and high officials of both Houses. As at Lord Aberdeen's dinners, the ball room was the scene. The beautiful white and gold paneled walls, the vaulted ceiling, the floor richly carpeted in cream color and blue, combine to form a splendid *mis-en-scene*—a goodly setting for the tables covered with snowy linen, set with cut glass and silver, adorned with long-stemmed roses in slender vases of beautiful workmanship, and over all the glow of many candles. These were grand dinners. At the conclusion the Governor-General led the way to the drawing-room, where the gracious Countess was waiting with the ladies—wives and daughters of the dinner guests—who were her guests at a reception from 9:30 to 12 o'clock. After an hour or so of conversation a return was made to the ball-room, where the sight of a well spread supper table met the view of the not too hungry guests. There were on Friday and Saturday evenings pleasant dinners at Government House, at which the guests did not number more than fourteen or sixteen, and of whom the majority were townpeople.

This week all else in the line of social gaiety has sunk into insignificance before the State ball, which came off at Government House last Wednesday evening. The fact that it was the first State ball given by His Excellency Lord Minto and Lady Minto, aroused even a keener degree of public interest than usual. It was a splendid function, with many prominent people from all over Canada among the guests. The women wore their smartest gowns, and the brilliancy of the scene was greatly enhanced by the numerous handsome uniforms worn by the men.

Many smart entertainments have been given in honor of the pretty bride from Toronto, Mrs. James Edgar, who, with her husband, spent last week with the Speaker and Lady Edgar. Her charming personality easily won for her the good graces of Ottawa society. Several dinners were among the festivities in her honor, and at the reception given by Lady Edgar on Saturday evening the guests were formally presented to her by the hostess. At this reception the political world was much in evidence, but the social world was there, too, represented to its utmost limits. Lady Edgar wore a handsome gown of mauve brocade, her daughters were both in white, and Mrs. James Edgar was immensely admired in a beautiful white gown, which was no doubt her wedding dress. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were among the many notables present. Lady Laurier's gown, as is always the case, was one of the handsomest. It was heavy cream brocade, trimmed with velvet and exquisite lace. Mrs.

On Friday of last week a dainty luncheon was given at McConkey's in honor of Mrs. Buchan, who was visiting Mrs. Forester, and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, who is with her husband's parents. Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Forester and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann were of the half-dozen who enjoyed the little repast and each other.

In speaking of the death of Mr. Philip Todd, which took place so suddenly last week, a friend said to me: "He was one of the untrumpeted heroes whose heroism is never suspected, because they hide it so well. For months he knew from his physician that his life hung on a thread, and his only wish was to keep this knowledge away from his dear ones, and work for them to the last." Quiet and reserved and unnoticed was this brave man, and it is meet that his unselfish pluck should be recorded.

At Sir James and Lady Edgar's At Home on last Saturday evening the young couple, Mr. James Edgar and his graceful bride, (neé Gillespie of Toronto), were the recipients of many welcomes and congratulations from the immense crowd who attended the reception. Mrs. Dobell and Mrs. Dominick Brown, Mr. Douglas Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, Miss Brown-Walls, Miss Lola Powell, Mr. Brown-Walls, Miss Osler and Miss Cochrane of Craigleigh, Lady Davies and Miss Davies, were a few Toronto visitors or citizens whose doings interest Toronto friends. Sir James Edgar looks very much better and was not at all put about by the fatigue of a long reception.

Mr. J. E. Dalrymple has been appointed division freight agent of the G.T.R., with headquarters at Hamilton, to succeed Mr. John Pullen, who has gone with Mr. Fitzhugh to the Central Vermont Railway.

The second year students at Osgoode Hall celebrated the close of their examinations with a dinner at Webb's on Monday evening. The committee in charge consisted of the following young gentlemen: Messrs. T. Gibson, J. L. Cossell, M. R. Tudhope, R. H. G. Cassells, E. J. Martin, W. A. Mackinnon and W. E. Burns.

A quiet early morning wedding occurred on Saturday, April 29, when Mr. R. Adam Walker was married to Miss Emma Ross, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Ross Trueman, Ossington avenue. The bride's maid was Miss Bertha Ross of London, a cousin of the bride, and the groomsmen was Mr. R. Alexander Walker, a cousin of the groom. Rev. S. D. Chow performed the marriage ceremony.

One of the saddest deaths that has occurred for some time took place on Thursday morning of last week, at the family residence, Elgin Villa, 189 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, when Mrs. John Winchester, wife of the Master-in-Chambers, Osgoode Hall, was called away after a long and painful illness, borne with great

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on April 14. About sixty of their friends assembled for the occasion, and an entertainment was given by Gilonna's orchestra and several well known vocalists. Refreshments were served on small tables in the drawing-room, and afterwards dancing was indulged in by the younger guests. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were warmly congratulated upon their youthful appearance, which gives every promise that they will yet celebrate their golden wedding. And their many friends here and in distant parts of the Dominion sincerely hope that the hospitable couple will do so.

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patience. Mrs. Winchester was the eldest daughter of the late William Butler, and leaves a family of ten. The funeral occurred on Saturday last to Mount Pleasant cemetery.

A very enjoyable celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stewart occurred at their residence in King street, with

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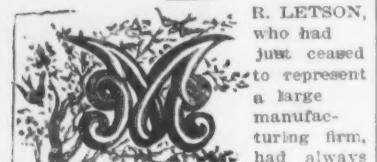
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The Pessimist's Lesson.



R. LETSON, who had just ceased to represent a large manufacturing firm, had always considered himself a great deal of a philosopher. The years which he had known were sufficient in number, so he thought, to have justified him in expecting some more tangible memento than the tinge of gray over his hair. The letter in which the firm explained the conditions which rendered it no longer desirable to keep a man in the territory he had been covering lay open on the table. It was the same firm in which he had, ten years before, hoped to attain a partnership. It was not an unreasonable hope at that time, but the careless, liberal temperament which made him so popular with his trade, failed to commend him as a proprietary figure. And unless his partnership had enabled him to exercise influence which would have averted the present condition of the firm's affairs, such a partnership would have been of little value.

"Everything seems on its last legs," he mused after an ugly spell of coughing. "It's a great pity I couldn't have gotten that position I applied for in Chicago last month. I suppose they thought I was too old to learn the business."

He picked up a magazine, which he had bought at the news-stand as he came into the hotel, and glanced carelessly over its pages. A portrait attracted his attention. It was a picture of an actress.

"I'll bet that picture doesn't look much like its subject," he said as he brushed aside the clothes which were lying on a chair and sat down. "It looks more like Hannah. I never realized what a pretty name Hannah is till I knew her. That's the way she used to wear her hair. Lucky girl, Hannah. She came very near marrying me. I wonder if that fellow treats her right."

He picked up a small roll of bills, which had fallen out of his vest pocket, and counted them over, together with some coin which he took from his trousers pocket. A twenty-dollar gold piece shone among the silver.

"Enough to pay hotel bills for a week or two yet," he remarked. "But what's a week or two? This world isn't scattering welcomes indiscriminately. I've shown my goods, and it doesn't care about them, and that's all there is to it. When you've made the best showing you can to a customer, and you can't transact any more business, what's the thing to do? Get out, of course."

He took a revolver from his travelling bag and examined it carefully. Then he thought of the excitement which a shot would create and considerably laid it aside. He dressed himself and started for a drug store. It was cheering to reflect that it was not whiskey he desired, but plain poison, he would not require a doctor's prescription.

A very small black boy stood in the front of the hotel. As Mr. Letson passed, the youngster turned up a face upon whose nose and cheek bones the electric lamp made such striking high lights that his artistic sense was appealed to, and he paused.

"Look here, son, why don't you go home?" he exclaimed.

"I see dar," was the answer. "I makes merself to home right hyah. De city pervesides me wif 'lectric lights an' when I wants ter git wahm, I goes to de depot."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Oh, one place or 'nuthuh."

"Are you hungry?"

"Yassir. A good deal o' de time."

"What are you laughing at, you young rascal?"

"I didn't know I was laughin'."

"Where are your parents?"

"Aint got none. Dey moved out o' town las' week an' fotog to ax me long wif 'em. Miss Marie Simpson lemme sleep on de flo'. She's bout a hundred yahs ol' an' she's gwine ter git out toh de rent Monday."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I doesn't know. Tain't then yit, nohow. I reckons sumpin's gwine to happen. Ef it ain't gwine, why den it ain't. But I bout ter see it froo. I didn't know whah I was gwine to keep wahm till I thought bout de depot, nor whah I wah gwine to sleep tell Miss Simpson happen past. An' I reckons dar's mo' luck whah dat come fum."

"Aren't you discouraged about your future?"

"Do you mean 'bout breakfast? 'Ca'ze if you does, I might as well let you know I hasn't got done bein' hungry fo' supper yit."

The hint was taken. It was a pleasure to discover how palatable a supper in a small, cheap restaurant could be. It cheered Mr. Letson to watch the waif as he waited for another course, grinning like some lucky god in exile from his Oriental fane. And Mr. Letson thought. Presently he wrote his name and address on the back of an envelope and gave it to the boy.

"Get someone to write there for you in a couple of months from now," he said, "and maybe I can arrange to get you an education that will keep you out of all this color line rubbish when you grow up."

When he went to pay the cashier

he drew from his pocket, with other coin, the gold piece.

He handed it to the boy, who, as women and children do with gold, intuitively perceived its value.

"Da's a Christmas gif', ain't it, boss?" he exclaimed in delight.

"No," answered Mr. Letson, very thoughtfully. "It's a life-saving medal."—Washington Star.

Plain Old Kitchen Chap.

Mother's furnished up the parlor—got a full, new, haircloth set. And there ain't a neater parlor in the county, now, I'll bet. She has been a-hoarding pennies for a mighty tedious time: She has had the chicken money, and she's saved it, every dime. And she's put it out in pictures and in easy chairs and rugs, —Got the neighbors all a-sniffin' 'cause we're puttin' on such lugs. Got up curtains 'round the winders, whiter'n snow and all of lace. Fixed that parlor till, by gracious, I should never know the place, And she says as soon's it's settled she shall give a yaller ten. And invite the whole caboodle of the neighbors in to see. Can't own up that I approve it; seems to much like fab and fuss To a man who's lived as I have—jest a blamed old kitchen cuss.

Course we've had a front room always; tidy place enough, I guess, Couldn't tell; I never set there; never opened it unless

Person called, or sometimes mother give a party or a bee,

When the women come and quilted and the men come 'round to tea.

Now we're goin' to use it common. Mother says it's time to start

If we're any bett'er heathens, so's to sweeten life with art.

Says I've grubbed too long with plain things, haven't lifted up my soul.

Says I've dunned there in the kitchen like a woodchuck in his hole.

—It's along with other notions mother's getting from the club.

But I've got no growd a-comin'; mother ain't let up on grub!

Still I'm wishin' she would let me have my smoke and take my nap

In the corner, side the woodbox; I'm a plain, old kitchen chap.

I have done my sten' at farmin'; folks will tell you I'm no shirk.

There's the callus on them fingers that's the badge of honest work.

And them hours in the corner when I've stumbled home to rest

Have been earnt by honest labor and they've been my very best.

Land! If I could have a palace, wouldn't ask no better nook

Than this corner in the kitchen with my pipe and some good book.

I'm a sort of dull old codger, clear behind the times, I s'pose.

Stay at home and mind my bus'ness; wear some pretty rusty clothes.

Druther set out here 'n the kitchen; have for forty years or more,

Till the heel of that old rocker's gouged a hollow in the floor;

Set my boots behind the cook stove, dry my old blue woolen socks,

Get my knife and pug tobacco from that dented, old tin box.

Set and smoke and look at mother clearing up the things from tea;

—Rather tame for city fellers, but that's fun enough for me.

I am proud of mother's parlor, but I'm feared the thing has put

Curt's notions in her noddle, for she says I'm underfoot.

"I canna, man, I canna; I've tae mak' my livin'. Tak' awa' anything ye like, but dinna tak' awa dagont."

"Your decision is irrevocable? You decide to do this, even in honor of the Record Reign?"

"Ay."

A tear rose in his eye.

"Farewell," I said. "A long farew-

ell. Henceforth we are strangers."

And I strode off into the night.

I had done my best. It was a noble mission and I had failed. Perhaps he was right, after all. How should I get along without the iron illes?

It would seem that there is a cer-

tain etiquette demanded even in the

quest of copy, as we see in the visit

to Hall Caine.

It was August—giddy, golden Au-

gust—month of the summer girl;

month of the burning yellow sands,

the lazily swinging sea, the twinkling

lights on the promenade as dusk falls

and the wind comes in chill from the

sea, while the strings of the band on

the pier sigh and swoon in the ecstasies

of the latest waltz. I had a vision

of glorious girls in white filmy blouses

drinking beneath the yellow moon,

between the dances. I hauled with

delight the prospect of a journey to

the Isle of Man. My friend, Al Kane,

was there, too; and judging from his

writings, he has devoted himself as-

siduously to the study of girls, both

gilt-edged and morocco-bound.

Al met me on Douglas Pier. I was

rather disappointed in Douglas; it

seemed tawdry and tedious.

"It's all right, old man," Al reas-

sured me as we stopped our maras-

chino; "this is Bank Holiday, you

know, and Demos is on the town.

There are some nice bits in the in-

terior where I get my copy from."

Al Kane smiled and sighed. "Ah

man, Richard, I am sorry to say we

have fallen on evil days in dear old

Manxland.

The girls change their names so often as their complexions.

But, when in doubt, you are always

safe to address them as 'dear.'

I bought two cheroots.

"Al," I said, "I am a gay dog, a

blade, a gallant. I am looking for a

girl with a strawberry mark."

Al whipped a note-book from his

pocket and scrawled a line in it.

"Now look here, Al," I remonstrated,

"you are not to work that into your next book. I insist upon the

copyright of that strawberry mark."

Al's lips curled contemptuously.

"What a weird imagination you have, Dick!" he said. "I wasn't thinking about it. It just occurred to me that

Solomon and the Queen of Sheba

would make good characters for my

next story. I shall make Solomon an

M.P. and the Queen of Sheba a society

journalist. You know the animal?"

for golden girls; how I kissed the Lady Doctor when the moonbeams were on the rhododendrons; what I saw and did in Thrums ("Heechman!"); how the New Brigade of Nineteenth Century Literature dined at the Metropole, and what Nicolini told me of the Star and Garter, particularly the Garter. Dear Nicolini, you are growing a big girl now, I saw you in the Strand to-day, the good old Sala-Dickens Strand . . . I say no more."

"I have been specimens in London."

"Ah, London, London, my delight," murmured Al. "Fine poem, that, Richard. It inspired me to write another, do you know?"

"Ah, Douglas, Douglas, my delight; Your Brighton and your Isle of Wight,

For ozoned air and girls with wit

Are certainly quite out of it."

"How's that? I write that for the Guide-Book. Seems easy enough to do that sort of thing."

I asked Al to show me some of the fine old Manx customs. "Try and arrange something picturesque," I said; "it would always help to fill up the book. How about the installation of a deemster or two, with bands, fishermen in costume, show music and lime-light effects?"

And Al Kane answered, and said: "The inauguration of the electric light on the new parade takes place this afternoon. I have two tickets for the luncheon."

And this is Manxland! This is the atmosphere that T. P. extolled on the front page of the Weekly Sun! You know how T. P. does the front page? Some day I shall tell you, but not now.

Al Kane and I walked to the new Parade. I suggested a four-wheeler, but Al said he could not afford to risk his reputation for unconventionality by taking so vulgar a vehicle, and there were noansombs on the stand.

As we passed the Balmoral, a little man with a large moustache leered at us and smiled contemptuously.

Al blushed.

"Who is he?" I asked. "I understand you were a little tin god here. Al?"

"Oh, he's only a barber," said Al, deprecatingly; "and, you see, I don't patronize his profession very often. Neither do you, Richard; and the man resents your presence here."

I turned to gaze out over the splendid sweep of shimmering sea that lay between the island and the lowering Lancashire coast, and mused upon the base passions that blind the souls of men and barbers.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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DRAMA

THAT evergreen attraction, The Private Secretary, has been greatly pleasing the patrons of the Princess Theater this week, and a great many people, strange as it may seem to some, have now seen it for the first time. These are persons to be envied—like those who have not yet read Dickens, or Scott, or Thackeray, but have been browsing among the underbrush. There is nothing great about The Private Secretary, but there is a fine lot of fun in it. The Cummings Stock Company has had a successful season, all told, and we may safely conclude that the Princess will go on next season along the same lines. It is too popular a venture to be dropped or greatly changed. But as time goes on it will probably be found necessary to make more frequent

changes in the cast. Helen Byron singing Kentucky Babe, of the company, and now and then to bring along stars to present particular plays. As stock companies are prospering in several cities, this will be possible and will continually grow easier of arrangement. To produce a new



play each week and present it twice daily is a very severe strain upon a company.

Tennessee's Pardner, the comedy drama presented at the Toronto Opera House this week, is founded on one of Bret Harte's stories of the West. It is a very interesting little play, but I got such a headache laughing at the fairy-tales of Geewhiller Hay, that I don't think I could possibly tell the story of the Western "pardnership" without getting it all mixed up. The vocal quartette in the first act was immense, and when they sang the Fatal Wedding at the close of it, an old farmer who sat behind me laughed and began to tell some outlandish anecdote of his youth. The Fatal Wedding is so old, but never mind, it is all right, and so is the play.

Mr. David G. S. Connery, M.A., a gifted elocutionist, formerly professor of elocution in Queen's University, and well known in all the large cities of Canada, has become associated with the Toronto College of Music, and will be a decided gain to the teaching and platform talent of the city.

The scenes of The Highwayman, to be presented at the Toronto Opera House next week, are written in an atmosphere of wayside inn, lonely country roads and pastoral glades, when gentlemen at the beginning of the century comforted themselves with the philosophy that if hanging were a bad fate, starvation was worse, and therefore resorted to robbery as a fine art when luck was against them. It is a genuine comic opera, bubbling over with fun and infectious music, and gorgeously mounted. The company is almost precisely the same one that sang this opera here on its previous visit at fancy prices. De Koven and Smith created this comic opera, and it has none of the cheap features that spoil so many efforts—it is consistently musical and artistic throughout, and does not drop to extravaganza. There are several comic numbers, including The Farmer and the Scarecrow,

A Sailor's Song and Hornpipe, A Jack Tar's Life, Kitty O'Brien, and a topical song, We're on the Track.

The announcement of the appearance of the splendid English actress, Olga Nethersole, at the Grand the last three nights of next week, has naturally set all theatergoers in a state of delightful expectancy. All the things that have been said of Miss Nethersole's performance in the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, written especially for her by Arthur W. Pinero, have caused a desire to see the actress in the part of Paula Ray. Her performance, too, in The Prolifigate, another of Pinero's plays, is said to be so remarkable that there is also a world of people in this city waiting to see it. Miss Nethersole will also present Camille and Carmen while in Toronto. We have frequently expressed a regret that this excellent English actress did not visit Toronto, where, we think, a cordial welcome is assured.

Julia Marlowe has been nominated by the National Council of Women of the United States to represent that body at the International Council, to convene in London in June. Miss Marlowe will talk about the women of the stage.

James O'Neill will bring his fine company to Toronto for race week, playing the Three Musketeers at the Grand Opera House.

Salaries Paid to Actresses.

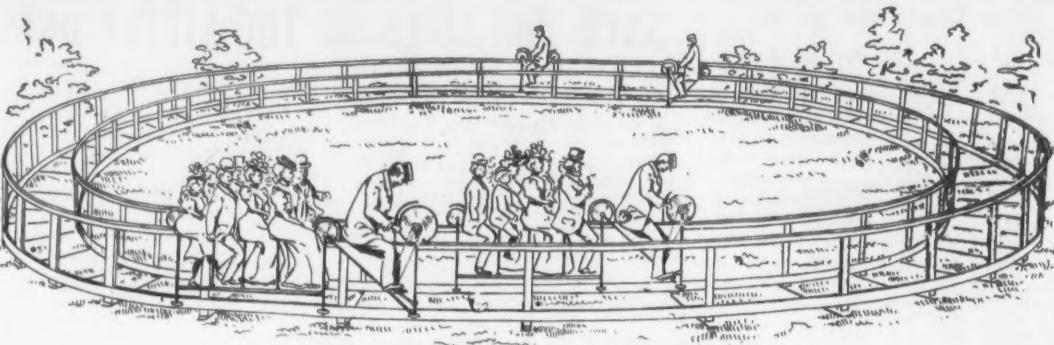
IN an article on What It Means to Be an Actress, in one of the current magazines, Viola Allen makes some interesting statements regarding the financial side of the actress's life. The average salary, she declares, does not exceed from \$50 to \$75 a week. "Extras," who have only "thinking parts," get from \$8 to \$10, and a leading woman's salary ranges from \$75 to \$300 or more; but, whatever her rank, the actress's expenses are greater than they would be in almost any other vocation. She will undoubtedly have to travel much, and that means constant hotel bills. In large cities this will probably amount to \$21 a week—at \$3 a day—while in smaller towns the hotels are usually cheaper. Then her laundry and other petty but necessary expenses mount up to at least \$25 a week. "Let us," writes Miss Allen, "consider a young woman in a first-class company who has had several seasons' experience and who receives \$60 a week—very good salary as the average goes. Deducting her weekly expenses of \$25, she has \$35 left. But she has to make up her outlay spent on gowns and hats at the beginning of the season. If her part calls for playing poor girl who wears shabby clothes, she probably has old home dresses that she uses for the purpose, and of course this is clear gain. But more often she requires three or four smart gowns, and the many accessories that accompany them. Two hundred and fifty dollars is a small allowance for these, particularly in New York, where dressmakers' and milliners' bills are ruinously high. Then it must be remembered that the average theatrical season is of only thirty weeks' duration, so there are apt to be twenty-two weeks of inactivity in the year. By a little mental arithmetic it will be seen that, although the young woman may actually receive \$1,800 during a season, her running expenses amount to just \$1,000, and allowing \$200 for her private wardrobe, she only saves \$800. This is not saved after all if she is entirely dependent upon her own efforts, as it must tide her over the summer. Then the stage dresses may need replacing during the season. There is much wear in the hurried fastening and unfastening of a gown eight times a week, and perhaps trailing them up and down uncarpeted stairs. Then, again, one of the great risks the actress runs is the failure of a play. It may be such a pronounced failure that it is necessary to take it off the stage after a week's performance, but she is only entitled to her salary for the actual time played and for the two weeks that are always granted a manager to cancel a contract. Occasionally, where a small salary is given, her gowns may be furnished, and in costume plays—that is, plays in periods other than modern—all costumes are furnished and designed by a special costumer. But, as a rule, the actress buys her own dresses, and this is not a small item in her expenses, because well dressed above all things she must be.

On the wharf at the foot of Dufferin street on Saturday afternoon last a man and his son sat for three hours fishing in the inscrutable waters, and they did not land a single fish. I went down to see them at two o'clock and neither had "got a bite." At five I went to them again, and still they sat with poles over the water and corks bobbing on the waves, and all the encouragement they had had in the interval was that they had had some bait "chewed off," and therefore they concluded that there were fish "in there." I knew just how they felt. Unless that man's wife sent for him, he remained there until after dark. It was rather pathetic, too. The man had probably worked all week in some shop and had talked every night and morning of going fishing. And this was the reality. It is too bad that the railways do not make a cheap Saturday afternoon rate so that workingmen and their sons might go out to places where fish can actually be caught. In order to facilitate this sort of thing I shall be obliged if those who know where there is fairly good fishing accessible to the public within an hour's run by rail from Toronto, will write me a line containing such information. There are thousands of men in Toronto who have the fishing fever on them just now—men who had fine fishing up country somewhere when they were boys and would like to get a line in the water again if it were possible.

SPORTING COMMENT

ELLEVILLE has a Forest and Stream Club, and it at all lives up to the programme issued for 1899—and this is the twelfth annual programme—it must be an excellent club with a tendency to make Belleville a fine city to live in. The objects of the club are to protect fish and game and to encourage all kinds of legitimate sport by field or stream. The membership fee is but one dollar a year, and this seems to be sufficient to pay the slight expenses of the organization. Yet it may be a very influential club, and I am giving these details in the hope that true sportsmen elsewhere may see fit to start similar organizations in other towns and cities. The programme consists in trap shooting and rifle matches that extend through the summer, and angling and trolling competitions that begin on the Queen's Birthday and come to an end on September 20. For instance, the members have before them for May 24 these inducements to go fishing:

For the 12 heaviest rock bass, rod given by W. W. Chowen & Co.; 12 heaviest perch, priz-



THE HOTCHKISS RADIAL BICYCLE.

An invention that promises to quite revolutionize sport at summer resorts and in public parks is about to be introduced in Toronto and other places, and we here give a pen-and-ink drawing that conveys some idea of what it is. The Hotchkiss Radial Bicycle beats all roller-coasters, switchbacks and merry-go-rounds completely, and not only so, but the principle of it applies to larger undertakings, so that lines can connect one park with another, or one summer resort with another. It can be built wherever a board fence can be put up, so that it is exactly the kind of transit necessary in Muskoka and other resorts where the ground is uneven or where woods abound.

A small model of the invention is ex-

hibited at Mr. Van Every's ticket office, Yonge street. The patent for Canada is controlled by Messrs. Felcher and Rudkins of Peterborough, Mr. William Rudkins having bought the patent, and Mr. L. B. Felcher having purchased a half interest in it. The Radial Bicycle is the work of Hotchkiss, the celebrated inventor. The principle is similar to that of the bicycle—it runs on a single rail about three feet from the ground, and the rider pedals as on a wheel. No balancing is, however, required, and the pleasures of wheeling can be enjoyed by everyone. A brake makes it easy to stop in an instant. The chief advantage is that one man can pedal his whole family, so that elderly people may enjoy a mild exhilaration which no other amusement of the kind can offer.

Proposals are already made for introducing the invention at various summer resorts. The most important arrangement yet entered into by Messrs. Felcher & Rudkins is the building of a track connecting Chemong Park, Burleigh Falls and Buckhorn, a distance of about twenty miles. This will be got under way very soon, and probably the radial bicycle will be running in Toronto almost as soon. We understand that illustrated circulars explaining the whole matter can be secured by writing to Messrs. Felcher & Rudkins, Peterborough, or to Mr. C. C. Tilley, general agent, 70 Bay street, Toronto. It must not be forgotten that this form of transit is not only suited for circular tracks in parks, but for lines connecting distant points, and goes up hill and down with the greatest ease.

whose names were taken on College street on Tuesday evening were wholly unconscious of any infraction of the regulations, and were, in some cases, men who never expected in this world to so act as to require a policeman to lay detaining hands upon them. Men who needed only to know the law in order to faithfully observe and promote the enforcement of it, have this week found themselves in the hands of the police. The hoodum a-wheel is a wary fellow, and when he sees a policeman ahead gives him a wide berth, and I think the men caught have largely been the wrong ones. I have been unable to find any two bicycle riders who agree in explaining what the rules now are—these rules that policemen are enforcing. Three wheels must not run abreast, that seems clear. You must pass on the left of a bicycle if you overtake it, and on the left of a vehicle if you overtake it, but if you overtake a street car you must pass on the right. This is a difference that confuses many. The opinion among wheelmen has been that it was permissible to pass a street car on the devil-strip if the car was standing still, but a car seems to have stood still for this purpose at College and Spadina on Tuesday evening, and two policemen filled a book with names. The police were less active on Queen street, but the street railway sprinklers had made the track dangerous for wheelmen, and they were driven north into the net. It was very painful to learn that the Street Railway Company enjoys the discomfiture of wheelmen—wet tracks about six o'clock and policemen baiting cyclists with standstill cars and a regulation never properly explained before. And what about vehicles? One cart going west against the cur', and another, a length behind, going west against the car-track, can hold the street against wheelmen going west as the rules now are, and those horses may be walking. Vehicles make no attempt to fall into line. Bicycle paths were laid on the sides of Arthur street, and vehicles get their right wheels on these paths and hold them against bicycles—one path being better than the other, vehicles get on it going the wrong way and hold it when meeting wheelmen. It is estimated that there are 25,000 bicycles in use in Toronto this year, and while it is absolutely necessary to have and to enforce regulations, it should also be necessary to impose rules on vehicles. When a car overtakes a teamster who is driving along the rails he usually pulls across into the other track, where he has no right to be. If wheelmen are to be so sternly dealt with, this teamster should be kept to his own side of the road. Jail or fine the hoodum on a wheel, but also tax the hog on a wagon, for he disarranges the whole traffic of a street for blocks.

On the wharf at the foot of Dufferin street on Saturday afternoon last a man and his son sat for three hours fishing in the inscrutable waters, and they did not land a single fish. I went down to see them at two o'clock and neither had "got a bite." At five I went to them again, and still they sat with poles over the water and corks bobbing on the waves, and all the encouragement they had had in the interval was that they had had some bait "chewed off," and therefore they concluded that there were fish "in there." I knew just how they felt. Unless that man's wife sent for him, he remained there until after dark. It was rather pathetic, too. The man had probably worked all week in some shop and had talked every night and morning of going fishing. And this was the reality. It is too bad that the railways do not make a cheap Saturday afternoon rate so that workingmen and their sons might go out to places where fish can actually be caught. In order to facilitate this sort of thing I shall be obliged if those who know where there is fairly good fishing accessible to the public within an hour's run by rail from Toronto, will write me a line containing such information. There are thousands of men in Toronto who have the fishing fever on them just now—men who had fine fishing up country somewhere when they were boys and would like to get a line in the water again if it were possible.

Lovers of baseball are all alive with anticipation of a big opening of the home season at the Island to-day, when Toronto plays Worcester at three o'clock. Every arrangement has been made by Messrs. Soole and Campbell for beginning the season in fine style, and it is understood that Capt. Wally Taylor will be present, although unable to play. The fact that Toronto and Worcester are at the head of the league adds greatly to the interest in the inaugural match.

It would be impossible, perhaps, to draw up regulations that would not be violated by some bicyclists, and it is necessary to generally enforce regulations so that all wheelmen may know and observe the rules of the road, but the proceedings of the Toronto police during the present week are strongly resented by a great many bicycle riders in the city. This resentment is directed, not against any particular regulation now enforced for the first time, for these regulations may be as good as any that could be drafted, but against the way the whole thing has been done. Men who have been fined complain that the by-law was not sufficiently advertised and that they were entrapped to add something to the revenue. Most of those

drinks would be obtainable by whosoever demanded them until the supply was exhausted. The effect of this promulgation was simply magical. Work stopped as if it had suddenly become an impossibility, and from a quiet town the place was immediately transformed into a veritable bear-garden. Sobriety became a distinguishing characteristic of the people by its rarity. The police were helpless to stem the tide of intoxication. The two inns were deluged with drink and drinkers; the latter, having obtained all they could carry, and in some cases more, retired to sleep in the market-place, whence they were carried to the police station. There was no protest against this action of the police; no one who was sufficiently interested to protest was sober enough to do so. Not until early next day, when the people had gone to sleep off their debauch either at their homes or at the police station, did the town assume its wonted aspect. Between forty and fifty charges of drunkenness were made before the local magistrates during the day following, and the police explained that they made that the limit because of the lack of accommodation at the station. Proving the courage of his convictions, the young man at whose door rested the whole responsibility for the chaos, paid the whole fines and costs imposed in every case; and when he retired, clothed in popularity.

In the foregoing case the freak was to a small extent excused by the youthfulness of the legatee, but there was no such excuse in the following case, which was of even more recent occurrence. A humble grocer was suddenly seized with a severe attack of a disease called "windfall," which carried in its wake an acute touch of madness. The grocer woke one morning to find himself worth some few hundred dollars a year. He took down his shutters, set his wife in the shop, and rushed off to a printer's. The same evening the town was placarded with an announcement that "a splendid going paying grocery and provision merchant's business" was to be raffled for, and that tickets for the raffle could be obtained, free of charge, at the shop of the business itself. "Free of charge" is always an irresistible advertisement, and the raffle tickets were scooped up at a prodigious rate. The day of the raffle came, and the prize fell to the cobbler of the town, who determined to take over the business at once, despite the fact that he was entirely ignorant of how to conduct it, and possessed no capital. Every one but the cobbler and the grocer was so jealous of the cobbler's good fortune in winning such valuable prize that they boycotted the shop from that moment forth, with the result that in a very short time the shop had shutters up, and Mr. Cobbler was back at his last again.

Some fortune inheritors seem to have a little difficulty in understanding the amount of which they have become possessed. At first flush they are carried away with the strange notion that, having come into money, their extravagance may be unlimited. Such seems to have been the impression of a Birmingham builder, who had a windfall of £3,000. He closed his business the moment he heard of his good fortune, drew all his money out of the bank, and went to London. There he hired an expensive suite of rooms at an imposing hotel, and set to living at the rate of some thousands a year. He spent all the money taken from his abandoned business, which he presented to his foreman, and by the time the legacy could be actually made over to him, he had incurred debts equal to more than half the total legacy. Still he did not slacken his pace. He kept his sumptuous suite at the hotel, dined in regal fashion every evening, went to the theater in first-class style, and did not stop until he suddenly discovered that he was actually insolvent. A few days after making this discovery he crawled back to Birmingham and induced his late foreman to take him into partnership in the business of which eight months before he had been the sole proprietor.

Either women very rarely come into money or they know what to do with it when they do. For a woman's head to be turned by good fortune is a very uncommon event. Only one such case is on record, and certainly the lady in that instance did her best to distinguish her sex. She was a governess and the daughter of a clergyman, and unexpectedly inherited a comfortable fortune from a late employer. The first thing she did was to buy up every pint of beer and every bottle of wine and spirits in the two public-houses of his town, and then he gave out to his fellow-townsmen that free

“Why does he make all those motions with his arm before he pitches the ball?” “Those are signals to the catcher. The two men always work in concert.” “Dear me! Is that the ‘concert pitch’ I’ve heard about so often?”—*Chicago Tribune*.

“What’s your purpose here?” asked the savage. “We’re going to civilize you,” answered the white man who had just landed. “Ah! What method do you use—Springfield, Lee-Metford, or Krag-Jorgenson?”—*Washington Star*.

Moths have strange tastes: they appear in furs in midsummer.—*Life*.

actors and actresses, and set them rehearsing a play she had written years before, in which she was to play the principal character. The play came off, but it did not go on. She wrote and produced another, which was also distinguished by being an utter failure.

Auditing the Books.

The Young Ladies of the Daffodil Bicycle Club Pursue Business Methods.

THE bicycle season has commenced. I began riding my wheel last Monday, so it has been under way for a week now. The Daffodil Bicycle Club has also started business for the season. It has elected an honorary president and half a dozen honorary vice-presidents, and found enough secretary-treasurers and things to go around among the members. The club's books have been audited and found correct. Mr. Fudger and I know all about that part of the business.

The Daffodil Bicycle Club is very select. It only admits idealistic young ladies, and brutal male persons are excluded altogether. Therefore both Mr. Fudger and myself were somewhat surprised and alarmed on being informed by a card that we had been elected to audit the club's books. I asked George what I had done to deserve this honor, but he said he didn't know. As for himself, he put it down to his good looks. We arrived at the house of the secretary, feeling safer together. The secretary had placed her back parlor at our disposal. There we found the honorary treasurer and the honorary assistant secretary, and a vice-president or two, all ready and remarkably eager to have the books inspected to the uttermost extent.

We took our places at a table, George and I, facing each other with the “books” between us. It was a square table. On the other sides sat the honorary treasurer and the equally honorary secretary, respectively, each to each, as we used to say in Euclid. Then George and I inspected the books. We were armed with blue pencils and we did great execution. Every figure that stuck its head above the line got a blue tick. If we didn't understand anything we'd ask the honorary secretary to explain it. If she couldn't give a satisfactory account we'd refer to the honorary treasurer. She'd say: “Oh that's all right—you wouldn't understand that if I told you.”

“But we've got to understand it,” we'd say. “That's what an auditor's for. Here you've paid out seventy-three dollars for ribbon. Now that's extravagance to say the least of it.”

“That means seventy-three cents,” said the honorary secretary severely.

“You've got it in the dollar column.”

“Oh well,” said she, “I understand.”

“But you've totalled it up in the dollar column.”

“I told you you wouldn't understand,” said the honorary treasurer impatiently.

“If you think the treasurer has misappropriated the club funds, say so, but I'm sure the girls will refuse to hear of anything so ridiculous.”

The Soup Course.

Her First Luncheon in Her Bridal Home.

O She had never made any pretensions to holding the keys to house-keeping mysteries. "I know how things ought to be," she would say with a shy smile, "and I can detect the slightest hitch as quickly as a president of a University of Domestic Science. But to know how to do it; oh, that's another matter! Shall I tell you about my luncheon yesterday? Dear old Maud said 'the soup course was funny enough for *Punch*. Indeed! Well, *Punch* and *Punch*'s editors sha'n't use my affair as a source of amusement, so there! Now, I had six courses, and the girls said it was a dream of a luncheon, and Madam Recherché from Quebec, in whose honor I gave it, patted me on the back and cried: 'La petite Madame has excelled. One day she shall be an excellent hostess!'" The little bride answered nothing, but prayed that she might never become an excellent hostess if the art demanded the continual nervous strain which preceded the present ordeal.

"The girls said it was a dream," she said archly to Norman (her husband) that night. "A dream, indeed, Norman, dear, why, it was Tuesday night, only the evening before that I had the nightmare—that awful nightmare when I dreamt I was on a river of celery soup and my boat was a fried oyster. When I awoke I imagined the guests were pelting me with fish croquettes, and for protection I crawled into the china cabinet and—but, dearest, that is my dream—you want to know

—and had forgotten it, and one foot had sort of melted and bent over. O, I was sick. Maud had run for a glass of wine, and as she opened the dining-room door I heard Edith's voice singing, 'It's Bit-Bit-Bit-Bitter,' and that just finished me and I just cried. But Maud is such a dear; I'd have died, simply died without her.

"Get the soup-plates at once, cook," she ordered peremptorily. "It is not exactly correct—and decidedly restaurant style—European plan—but in this emergency we shall have to have each soup-plate filled and at each place when we sit down."

"Well, Norman dear, cook, Louisa and Maud proceeded to fill the dishes, when, horrors, there was not enough to go around.

"Now I was just at the stage of grasping any straw, so I dried my eyes, rushed to the cream-pitcher, and filled one soup-plate with cream! 'Put it at my place—sure,' I whispered, as I slipped my arm through Maud's and went back to the drawing-room.

"Three minutes later the gong sounded and your little bride took her place with much forced dignity at the head of the table, and proceeded to primly sip pure, unadulterated, cold cream.

"When I was young," Madam Recherché began, after the first course, "I was taught that it was exceeding bad form to notice—to praise—to speak at all about that which madame, my hostess, possessed. Now, mon Dieu, they tell me the old conventionalty is abandoned. It is au fait to praise, to delight my hostess by kind allusions. So, madame, petite

A strange and surely factitious energy has entered into every curious cult. Moreover, by a remarkable species of mental atavism we have "thrown back" to the follies of the middle-ages—and are busily striving to endue their myths with the verity of scientific exposition. For example, how long have we smiled at those old adventurers and dreamers who sought the Elixir of Life and the Fountain of Perpetual Youth? Yet now we have the grave proposition to prolong life indefinitely by renewing the body structurally through the use of compounds made from the corresponding parts of animals. The alchemist in his secret laboratory, bending above his furnace, his crucibles and retorts, seeking the secret of the transmutation of metals, has been for long relegated to the gallery of discredited charlatans, but now not far from New York there is a laboratory where by secret processes they strive to transmute silver into gold. We have been prone to smile and wonder at the hysterical obsession which possessed men and women when Mesmer professed to cure all ills by a mysterious "mental fluid." To-day we have the cult of the Christian Scientists; the one great difference in the latter-day prophets of these peculiar crazes is that in place of using the picturesque metaphor of the myth mongers they describe their aims and intents in a bastard jargon of pseudoscience. The fact is, one may pipe in whatsoever fashion he pleases and he will find some ready to dance to his piping. In that city where the gigantic iron phalanged finger of the Eiffel tower points daringly at heaven, Satan has his worshippers, and decadent souls steeped in the languors of infinite spiritual exhaustion, having tipped off every religion, find solace, or at least oblivion, in the ecstasies of those dark rites which the negroes of Louisiana practice in lonely cabins. In Paris, too, the Temple of Isis is a building—and are long the ancient Queen of Egypt's lore will be worshipped in the very stronghold of modernism, will have her initiates, her priests, her acolytes; sages skilled in the lore of the Chaldees will scan the stars from her temple roof—Asata and Hecate, Osiris and Babusatis, will once more live in men's mouths, and past this temple the horseless carriages, the ugliest product of modern utilitarianism, will whiz and whir as they do in London by the secret shrine of Buddha, where the many converts to the abstract Eastern theology go to pay the rites offered by the brown people of India to their gods.

The bacillus of the impossible has infected science, which considers itself so impeccable—thus we have Schenck essaying to tether the willful wings of Eros, and Tesla dreaming of discharging a death-dealing wave, which with one breath shall lay an army low—one would hardly think, to see Tesla lunching at Delmonico's, that he dreamed of usurping the peculiar functions of Azrael!

More money is given now to send our shining light to them that sit in darkness than ever before, and the commodity which brings the highest price in the wide market-place of the world, the commodity for which all the nations of the earth bid, is an improvement in weapons of war.

Truly, "Tis a mad world, my masters!"
JOANNA E. WOOD.

The Love That Was Phonographed.

By Charles Stewart in the Sketch.

I.—HIS CYLINDER.

MY darling Cynthia, the phonograph has just arrived, and I hasten to act on your charming idea that we should hear each other talk when we are apart instead of only having the—er—chilliness of words in black and white. (Turning his head: "Why the deuce she should get such an idea!") Yet, after all, how can I speak to you on a faceless and thoughtless phonograph, when it is your face that I am dying to see and your little ear that I am dying to whisper into? The sight of you is the only thing that satisfies me, so how can I be satisfied with such a worldly, callous thing as a phonograph? And, if one's heart is not satisfied, how can one say the things that one feels, the things that stir in one's—er—heart? I take out your photograph—I take out your (*Where on earth*—). As I say, darling, I take out your photograph from the pocket near my heart where it lives (*Dash the thing! It's Belinda's!*), to pretend I am speaking to your own sweet little self. But at the sight of it I can only be dumb and think of you. And when I am thinking of you, telling over your beauties to my deepest heart, how can I be so soulless as to pour out my soul on a phonograph, of all inert things? (*Who's that? John! Come in, No! whiskey this morning; brandy-and soda.*) The one thing that gives me happiness is the thought that, though apart, there is a connecting link between us, even if it is only represented by a squeaking cylinder. (*But that's the tape! John. Where are you, John? John! See if Catapetes runs in the first race. Thanks. Now go.*) And it is just that connecting link, squeaking cylinder and gaping tube though it is, that brings such heavenly joy to my soul. Oh, Cynthia, a man would serve and wait for years, a man would make no end of a fool of himself only for love of you! For one kiss I could give up all that other men call happiness. (*How on earth I am to chuck Belinda, I don't know. I suppose a man must, though. . . .*)

Dearest, what did you, what could you mean last night by asking me if I had ever loved anyone else? How can you doubt me? Do I doubt you? I was horrified. Such a spirit is the ruin of married life. The woman who would be happy must trust her husband absolutely. When is a man safe if a little unfledged goose like you—ahem!—I mean, never, never, darling, let yourself say such a thing again. It was almost treachery to me for you even to think it. Could a man love as devotedly, as—er—unselfishly as I love you, rich though you are, if he had ever given a thought to another woman? Could



"Does the Smith family live on the second floor of this house?"
"Oh, no. They have gone long ago. But go right on up, a family by the name of Mayor lives there now, and they are real nice people."

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A man look into your eyes if he had ever looked with love into another woman's? You know he couldn't. Let that be our last word on the subject. I forgive you, so don't cry your pretty eyes out.

I am simply inundated with business this morning. Every moment I am called away; but the whole world would wait rather than I'd miss phoning you as I promised. (*By Jove, though, if I don't sharp over the thing, I'll miss that Goodwood special! Hang it all! I must see Catapetes run his first race.*) I would give anything to come and drive with you in the park instead of slaving here. (*That reminds me—B. must return that brougham. It will do up nicely for Cynthia.*) But I shall not be able to do more than dine with you to-night, darling. Work presses very hard, and I want to clear off everything before our marriage. You little know the incessant toil of my life, the constant sacrifice of pleasure to the one dull grind. But, darling, it is all worth while. I would do a hundred times as much for your sake.

When we are married, there mustn't be a care in the world. And how soon that will be! Only three weeks! (*Yes, Belinda really must clear out of that Monte Carlo house. By the bye, why not spend the honeymoon there?*) Oh, the thought of three weeks to-day (or to-morrow) stirs my soul to its very depths. (*Yes, rang John. Brandy and curacao. And call me a cab.*)

And now, my dearest own, I must say when we are apart instead of only having the—er—chilliness of words in black and white. (Speaking to her photograph) I read your cylinder quite three hours ago—I hear its ticking less than the beating of my heart. I am glad, anyhow, that at first you liked the idea. It was nice to hear your voice; I'd never really heard it before. How strange it seemed without you!

How curious that your horse Catapetes was only beaten a head! Are two heads better than one heart—because a few hours ago you might have had your choice of either head or heart? Now, there is only my head left. And it has suddenly become most unreasonable. That is, it is even reasons. To hear your cylinder "through its lesson" was almost better than a play—if, indeed, a love-play—with a heroine could ever be put on the stage. I do not say without a hero, because that has happened before, hasn't it? My only regret is that I cannot take the other leading part in such a perfect style. But at least as a critic, I will try to shine, more especially as you cannot yet understand how fully your part was appreciated.

Why, for instance, did you have only two drinks this morning—in the play? Surely, a few more, judiciously interspersed, would have lent more color and passion to the thing? Not that that was wanting, either. And you did it passing well, too. I find no fault on that score. Then, again, why didn't you drink champagne instead of brandy? It is ever so much more effervescent, and even you must agree that, in your letter, effervescence plays a somewhat leading part. Indeed, it drowns the should-be heroine.

Why, too, did you send John so quickly out of the room? Surely one listener more or less would make my odds—to use your own expression? There are two here—the girl that was myself, and a strangely calm and reasonable woman whom I don't quite understand yet. At least, I fully understand when I feel her laughing at that stricken girl who lay huddled up crying on the sofa. How she cried, too! I really quite believe she thought her heart was breaking. How delicious! Besides, John's laugh, though somewhat boisterous, no doubt, would have lent power, if only as a precedent. At least, it would have been honest. Though that might be galling, and might even spoil its stage-effect. Did you doubt his quality as worthy critic, or did you fear his mirth might prove infectious? Yet, why should that have mattered, either? And among those tales a laugh would phonograph as well, I know. No, I cannot think why John could not remain. He might, indeed, have lent a hint or two.

Then the mixing of those photographs—that, for you, was poor indeed! I thought such faults would surely shame a novice! But, enough—let us see how we stand. First and foremost, of course, the brougham will not need doing up—at least, I mean, for me. That will save a little. Then there's no necessity for any expense about

There is no instance of a lynx having been tamed by humans. All the other animals in the Northern woods, except Gung-wa-je, the wolverine, have made friends with men on occasions. Even She-gog, the skunk, the shyest of the wild things, has been domesticated to my certain knowledge. But Pesheh of the black heart and the ugly countenance and the velvet foot, has always remained outside the pale.

It will be seen that I do not admire Pesheh: the forest would be pleasanter without him.

MARSTYN POGUE.

Search Us, O God.

Search us, O God, and know our heart,

If we a proven people be,

Found worthy to be Thine elect:

Our altars, lo, they stand to Thee;

Our offerings, have they Thy respect?

Our offerings, have they Thy respect?

Search us, O God, and know our heart,

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Rushin' the Season.

You kin bet I've had some pleasure,
You could never, never measure,
An' I'm feelin' what my brother calls
"O.K."

Tho' ma didn't know I did it
(If she knew it she'd forbid it),
Yet, I had my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day!

In the spring-time I was hatin'
To give up my dandy skatin',
An' my rubber boots an' hockey-stick
an' sleigh;

But I realize my folly,
An' at school I'm actin' jolly,
For I took my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day.

Bikes are passin' ev'ry minute,
An' the riders think they're in it,
An' they think that they are feelin'
awful gay,

But I bet a silver dollar,
For a mile they heard me holler,
W'en I took my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day.

In the races I'm a winner,
W'y, I run like any sinner,
They kin never ketch me playin' pull-away,

An' my feet is feelin' lighter,
An' my head is feelin' brighter,
"Cus I took my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day.

Es a bully, purty scrappy,
Makes my recess most unhappy,
I kin sass him an' kin quickly run
away,

I kin call him "guy" er "nigger,"
He can't ketch 'em, the he's bigger,
For he has his shoes an' stockin's on
to-day.

But I tell you, in conclusion,
There will be a slight confusion,
Ef I kin' mars the pleasures of the
day,

An' I fear that I'll be rattled,
"Cus at noon my sister tattled,
That I had my shoes an' stockin's off
to-day!

—JOSEPH A. MCGUIRE.
Welland, May, '99.

Anecdotal.

The Countess of Beaconsfield once confided to a friend that Disraeli, while possessing the greatest moral courage, was altogether lacking in physical courage. "As an instance," she said, "I always have to pull the string of the shower-bath for him."

The story is so good that of course it isn't true, but it runs to the effect that "Mr. Dooley" (Peter Dunne) met Richard Harding Davis in Chicago several weeks ago. "Do you know," said Mr. Davis, "that from reading your works I expected to see a big, brawny, red-faced Irishman, with red chin whiskers?" "Strange!" replied Dunne. "My expectation, based upon reading your books, was to find you dressed in a pink shirt waist!"

A good story is told by Col. "Teddy" Roosevelt, in Scribner's for May. He says: "One day we were visited by a traveling Russian, Prince X., a large, blonde man, smooth and impenetrable. I introduced him to one

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of the regular army officers, a capital fighter and excellent fellow, who, however, viewed foreign international politics from a strictly trans-Mississippi standpoint. He hailed the Russian with frank kindness and took him off to show him around the trenches, chatting volubly, and calling him "Prince," much as Kentuckians call one another "Colonel." As I returned I heard him remarking: "You see, Prince, the great result of this war is that it has united the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon people; and now that they are together they can whip the world, Prince! they can whip the world!"—being evidently filled with the pleasing belief that the Russian would cordially sympathize with this view.

Light-Fingered Folks.

A Flashlight. A Love Story. The Life We Might Live.

 A woman in a kitchen, a man in a suit, and a child.

"Something terrible must have happened to the Mueller family lately. Every one of them is bandaged up."



"Ah nein, nothing has happened except that the eldest daughter has been attending the lectures on What to do in Case of Accidents—and she practices on the family in general." —*Fliegende Blätter.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every

phragmological study sent in. The Editor re-

quests correspondents to observe the following

Rules: 1. *Phragmological studies must consist*

of at least six lines of original matter, includ-

ing several capital letters. 2. *Letters will be*

answered in their order, unless under unusual

circumstances. Correspondents need not take

up their own and the Editor's time by writing

reminders and requests for haste. 3. *Quota-*

tings, scraps or postal cards are not studied.

4. *Please address Correspondence Column,*

Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons

not studied.

Irene Hesse.—You are steadfast and re-

liable, with some claim much ideality,

pride and energy, and when you fix your

mind on any project or task you are sure

to do it well. What you need most, how-

ever, is concentration and a gathering

up and sorting of your ideas. At pre-

sent you do not run conveniently nor

hang well together. It is the material

for a very fine building, Irene.

One More.—1. Pencil studies are not suit-

able for delineation. As to your own

study, it shows a good deal of power and

courage. Indeed, some creative

and originality of some kind are

and dependence of interchange of senti-

ments and opinions. Writing is not

buoyant, but as illness of a year is men-

tioned, this may be the result of such

illness, and not natural. You

are good and bright, but it is rather an open

secret. 2. Above your sideboard scarf:

There is nothing finer than drawn work

on fair linen. If you are deaf with your

need you may work a handsome monogram on one end of the scarf, and under it in a narrow design make the

name. Don't have anything but white

unless a cream or light beige tint cor-

responds with the dining-room paper and

furniture.

Terminal City.—A pleasant and

delightful place, with a cheerful and

well-tempered, good

and friendly atmosphere.

There is a greater chance to fight the good fight

and win great victories. Oh, the hot,

impulsive August people, the sleek, con-

tent, lazy August people! I fancy from

you that you would rather

have than claw. It is a very

bright and attractive hand, dis-

creet and plausible, good-tempered

and self-reliant, but not self-assu-

ing, conservative enough to cling to

old things and adaptable enough to wel-

come good new ones. Writer has ideals

and ambitions still to satisfy; care,

affection and deliberate thought, quick

observation and sense of humor are

shown in writing, but it is not

slapdash, which is a definite

fault. Your writing is good, but

not always clear, and some

of your ideas are not well

expressed. Your writing is good, but

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May 13, 1899

9

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Mural Decoration in the New City Hall.



Two seasons ago G. A. Reid, R. C. A., President of the Ontario Society of Artists, offered to decorate, gratuitously, some spaces in the City Hall, to afford our citizens an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits of good modern decoration. During these two seasons he has labored assiduously at this work, entirely at his own expense. He had qualified himself previously by a lifetime of art study, and by special attention to mural decoration wherever meritorious work was to be found. The art diction of Puvins de Chavannes appealed most to him, a fact of itself sufficient to establish his claim to being an artist. These productions, and the works of others as well, he has studied carefully, at Boston, in Paris, at Amiens (where he could best see the stages of the great artists' developments), and wherever he found worthy decoration. Those who are familiar with his art expression know that it abounds in qualities distinctively decorative. Moreover, his intellectual acquirements—a necessity of scholarly decoration—qualify him for producing a high grade of art conceptions. A mural decorator must be informed and cultured in heart and mind. The Guild of Civic Art has encouraged Mr. Reid, watched carefully the progress of the work, criticized it, you may be sure, and it goes to the city with their entire approval. As the Guild consists of a number of our citizens, who are more or less art connoisseurs, this fact may reconcile minor critics to apparent deficiencies they may think they discern. Mr. Reid is courageous, with a courage born of the conviction of the merits of his cause, and more or less faith in the intelligence of the citizens as well as a justifiable conception of his own powers.

Now what are some of the qualifications of a successful mural decoration? Well, in the first place it is not an easel painting on a large scale, painted without reference either in technical treatment or subject, to its future destination. Its essential essence is in its fitness for its surroundings, we prefer to think both in aesthetic effect and in "literary interest," although some impressionistic critics would have us believe that its aesthetic value is its only value. It should not be so abstruse as to be beyond the ordinary comprehension; it should not require much verbal explanation; it must not force itself upon the attention of the viewer as though it, and not the object it beautifies, were the main consideration. If it gives any other impression than that it is on a wall of a flat surface, then it helps to perpetrate an architectural falsehood. Usually our architects are capable of supplying anything called for in that line, often, no doubt, by sheer force of limitations of diverse kinds. It will harmonize in color scheme and lines with its setting. It will successfully cover its space with a well-balanced composition. It must of necessity be light in weight—if I may use the term weight—so as to appear to rest easily on its surface, not to leave one in doubt as to the ability of the wall to bear its masses, as many decorations in Paris and elsewhere do. Its composition, no matter how prolonged, must present unity. These are some of the essentials of good mural decoration.

We admire the selection of the subjects for this decoration, because we deem them best suited to our stage of national life. Idealism might have been given, but in this colony we have had to deal mainly so far with hard facts. The subjects treat of the pioneer work, which made a City Hall a

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possibility, and present typical illustrations of it. Tested by the laws given above, and others you will think of, it will not be difficult to decide whether or not it is a meritorious work. From its close proximity to the undecorated panels, you have full liberty to compare it with the undecorated white, or with what, under ordinary circumstances, you would likely see there.

On the margin of the dense forest, not too dense to prevent the feeling of pulsating atmosphere throughout, and the view of light beyond, stand the pioneers, equipped for work. They mean to take in hand this mighty forest, which the Indian has regarded as his, but whose possibilities for subsistence have never entered his simple mind, and to make it their servant. It is the triumph of mind over matter. Amazed, perplexed, the Indian, behind, views the operations. How pathetic is this touch in the composition! how charged with history! What courage, what endurance, what self-respecting independence, what energy, is suggested in the whole subject. All that goes to make good citizens and therefore a prosperous community is here. The artist did well to introduce a woman—and a baby, too. The pioneer fathers did much, but what of the pioneer mothers, who endured loneliness, hardship, terror, and sent their sons and daughters, well equipped for life in mind and body, to make this new world what it has become.

As a suitable subject it seems to us beyond criticism. It is composed with a view to its continuation in thought, and future decorators will necessarily have due regard to this.

It may be well to point out a few of its good points as a work of art. A decorator is necessarily limited in many ways. All will recognize this.

It is a delightful "tone-composition," subdued and harmonious throughout, and well balanced in its groups of three in one panel and two in the other. The dove color and the yellowish in the marble find their harmonies in it. It is kept flat by the border, which assists this effect materially, by the use of large masses of color, by the generalization of all forms, eliminating insistent minute details, and by the avoidance of sharp contrasts of light and shade. Its aerial perspective is delicious. There is nothing pronounced in it. No portraiture is intended, no realistic rendering is attempted. We shall probably not recognize any of our ancestors. It is not necessary that we should. Perhaps they would not want to recognize some of us. To make these figures stand out in realistic distinctness is to constitute them part of the living personages in the City Hall. Please do not forget, we say again, that this is a wall—an artistic wall, a decorated wall, but a wall—not a portrait exhibition, not a group of living individuals.

The conventional figures in the arches, typifying our commercial and educational development, are, of course, suited to the structure and the space they are meant to fill. The colors are more brilliant, the figures graceful and well poised, the lines of the drapery free and beautiful.

And now what is the conclusion of the matter? That the City Hall may well say "Thank you" to Mr. Reid; that it may be convinced of the valuable addition—or rather the necessity of the finish of decoration, in our new Hall; that builders generally, especially of public buildings, should in their plans arrange for the completion of their structure, and think of its decoration; that a greater effort should be put forth to call out the genius of our artists, for if we do not call it into use, other peoples will, and we will be left to our darkness and our whitewashers; that the cultivation of municipal art is by a long way the quietest, safest way to preempt society with art, and for teaching people generally, and bringing up a self-respecting community, there is nothing to be compared to it except the pulpit, not even the newspapers; that unless our civic authorities wish this village to be classed amongst the "way-backs," avoided and shunned by all progressive travellers, they will—as the boys say—"get a move on" and raise us to at least the standard of a second-rate town, by creating a few objects in it of interest to others than sports. We cannot all be sports,

Dodd's Kidney Pills are astonishing the medical fraternity daily, by their marvellous success in cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Urinary Troubles. Female Complaints, Blood Impurities, and all other Kidney Diseases. Many physicians in this district prescribe them in their practice, always with the best results.

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Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dods Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Books and Shop Talk.

HE was just from college and had secured a place on the repertory staff of a morning newspaper. His first assignment was over on the West Side to report a fire. He wrote it up in grand style, making a half column article of it, beginning thus: "Suddenly on the still night air rang



The Standing One—What was it, Doc?—a foursome?
The Sitting One—Well, from the way I feel, it must have been a tiresome.

however much we might wish to. There should be provision for the entertainment of those unfortunate enough to possess intellect, at least for their education. That travel will show us how far behind in art culture we are if we see when we are travelling.

Sketching in the open air is again possible we are rejoiced to think. F. McGillivray Knowles intends conducting a class all summer, all amateurs should be glad to know.

The Woman's Art Association commence to-day and will also probably continue all summer. Miss M. Cary McConnell will also take out her pupils and any who wish to join them.

JEAN GRANT.

A GREAT VICTORY

After a Short, but Hot and Decisive Contest.

The Enemy Driven Out—Dodd's Kidney Pills the Victor—Mr. Gillean Tested Them, and They Proved True and Steadfast Friends.

Ahernsberg, Ont., May 8.—Jas. R. Gillean, proprietor of the Lakeview Hotel, here, is one of the happiest men in town. For some years past, he has been in very poor health, and was a great sufferer from Kidney Disease.

In spite of all that medical skill, and numerous remedies could do, Mr. Gillean grew gradually worse. His sufferings increased, and there seemed to be no hope of curing the disease.

The conventional figures in the arches, typifying our commercial and educational development, are, of course, suited to the structure and the space they are meant to fill. The colors are more brilliant, the figures graceful and well poised, the lines of the drapery free and beautiful.

And now what is the conclusion of the matter? That the City Hall may well say "Thank you" to Mr. Reid; that it may be convinced of the valuable addition—or rather the necessity of the finish of decoration, in our new Hall; that builders generally, especially of public buildings, should in their plans arrange for the completion of their structure, and think of its decoration; that a greater effort should be put forth to call out the genius of our artists, for if we do not call it into use, other peoples will, and we will be left to our darkness and our whitewashers; that the cultivation of municipal art is by a long way the quietest, safest way to preempt society with art, and for teaching people generally, and bringing up a self-respecting community, there is nothing to be compared to it except the pulpit, not even the newspapers; that unless our civic authorities wish this village to be classed amongst the "way-backs," avoided and shunned by all progressive travellers, they will—as the boys say—"get a move on" and raise us to at least the standard of a second-rate town, by creating a few objects in it of interest to others than sports. We cannot all be sports,

Dodd's Kidney Pills are astonishing the medical fraternity daily, by their marvellous success in cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Urinary Troubles. Female Complaints, Blood Impurities, and all other Kidney Diseases. Many physicians in this district prescribe them in their practice, always with the best results.

Kidney Diseases cannot resist the action of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are the only cure on earth for such diseases.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dods Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Books and Shop Talk.

HE was just from college and probably in some of the other English papers that profess an interest in literature and politics, appear letters signed by S. E. Dawson, Lit. D., F.R.S.C., William D. Le Suerur, and Duncan C. Scott, announcing that a volume of Archibald Lampman's verse will be published forthwith for the benefit of the late poet's widow. This is to be done in such a way as to secure to Mrs. Lampman the entire proceeds without deduction or discount of any kind. Interested persons are therefore asked to subscribe for the work, which will be edited by Duncan C. Scott and will sell for \$2.25. Mr. Scott was Mr. Lampman's most intimate friend.

His First Story.

The Symptoms.

Bazar.

should the Canadian author battle so strenuously for his benefit?"

In the May number of the Canadian Magazine appeared an excellent piece of verse by Mr. Franklin Gadsby entitled The King's Flagon. Mr. Gadsby has published many dainty bits of verse in Saturday Night and the Evening Star, and I think that something decidedly worth while may be expected from him soon, as none of our local writers shows better craftsmanship in verse and prose.

Mr. John A. Cooper, secretary of the Canadian Press Association, is this week sending out a circular to members of the Association, announcing the arrangements made for the proposed excursion to British Columbia in August. I understand that those editors who may not have time to take in the entire trip are offered the chance of going as far as Winnipeg and back. This will probably be the most important excursion of Canadian newspaper men yet held.

One day a friend called to see him, and advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, telling him they had cured a number of cases, of which he knew, and which were all worse than Mr. Gillean's. The latter procured a box, and so much good did it do him, that he bought three more. These cured him completely, and he is now obliged to hold quite a reception, every day, so many friends call to congratulate him on his happy recovery.

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MUSIC

ROSENTHAL'S playing evidently does not appeal to Mr. Hans Schneider, the critic of the *Providence, R.I., Journal*. I quote his criticism, without apology, as another example of the extraordinary stuff American critics sometimes write. Some people will call it nonsense, but then, as Gilbert says in *Patience*, "What precious nonsense!" Here it is:

Mr. Blackburn, the musical critic of the *London Times*, in commenting on Felix Moschele's *Fragments of an Autobiography*, has delivered himself of the following appreciation, or depreciation, of Mendelssohn: "The amazing popularity which followed the footsteps of Mendelssohn was in part of his exceedingly contemporary characteristics. He never attempted an innovation, as the slang phrase goes. He gathered up in his music all the spirit of his time and expressed it with a perfect roundness of utterance. His meaning was clear to himself; it was also clear to the men of his time. Not only that: it was clear on the instant, without consideration, without waiting, without a pause. The Austrian emperor told Mozart that Don Giovanni was too tough for his Viennese to swallow. 'We must give them time to digest it,' was the reply. No such criticism was possible concerning any work by Mendelssohn. He knew exactly the digestive power of the public, and he provided accordingly. Not that he did this consciously. Much unfairness may be done a man by assigning motives to him, which, as a matter of fact, were never present to his mind during the moment of his writing. It was just because Mendelssohn was built to provide an easy-going generation with music of its kind, music that it desired, music that in fact attained for the man in the street a sort of unattainable ideal: it was for this reason that he succeeded in a perfectly legitimate manner. His success was immediate and certain: he never endured a rebuff, never knew what it was to experience unkindness at the hands of the public, and he died young, before any whisper of hostile criticism could reach his ears." Mr. Blackburn's remarks seem to me to be infelicitously expressed. To many readers it will convey the impression that it is a fault in a composer to be clear, symmetrical and melodious in his works, and that with certain critics it is a merit to be obscure. The tendency of the present-day critic to belittle Mendelssohn is to be regretted. One does not pretend that the music of Mendelssohn has the depth of thought that is found in that of Beethoven, but the former has left us much that is delightfully appealing, and why not let us enjoy it and be thankful? Because one appreciates Beethoven is it necessary to sneer at Mendelssohn?

I would make a wager that of the thousand and odd hundreds of people who heard Rosenthal the other day in the Massey Hall, not one realized that the soloist had descended to such awful depths of criminality. That Rosenthal should be a follower of Nietzsche is, of course, infamous, but we might have overlooked that. But we shall not be able to forgive him for driving the cold steel into the palpitating hearts of poor little idyllic compositions and with Mephistophelean malignity and remorselessness killing their souls. No; Rosenthal's day is over in Toronto.

Popular opera at popular prices is to be the feature at the Toronto Opera House next week, when the Broadway Theater Company will produce *De Koven* and *Smith's The Highwayman*, which, it may be remembered, has been seen at the Grand. It is a bright and pretty opera, and as the company is said to give an excellent performance, Manager Small should be rewarded for his enterprise in making the engagement, by crowded houses.

Little Maud McCarthy, the Irish girl violinist who was recently heard at the Massey Hall and scored a pronounced triumph, is reported to have said: "In London I play Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, but in America they only want *Saraste*."

Mr. Maurice Grau, the manager of the opera company bearing his name which recently closed a brilliant season in New York, netted the handsome sum of \$19,500 by his benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 21.

The Chamber Music Association is the only organization in this city whose mission it is to promote the cultivation of a taste for classical music. It is managed by a committee of ladies who give their services purely in the cause of art and who have no second thought of making money out of their scheme. I can only hope that their disinterested and praiseworthy efforts to supply a musical want will be adequately rewarded at their closing concert of the season on Tuesday next, for which occasion they have engaged the Spiering Quartette Club of Chicago, and Mrs. Julie Wyman, the New York contralto, now of Toronto. The Spiering Quartette will play a quartette by Beethoven, several lighter numbers, and a quartette on the name Belaieff by Russian composers. Mrs. Wyman will sing two groups of choice songs.

Mr. W. J. McNally, who for four years past has filled the position of organist and choirmaster of West Presbyterian church, has been appointed successor at the Central Presbyterian church to Mr. V. P. Hunt, who resigned to go to Albert College, Belleville.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison is doing good work with his choir at St. Simon's church. The singing of the boys is quite a feature at the services of praise at this church. Mr. Harrison pays special attention to this department of the choir, and devotes great pains to training the boys in correct pronunciation, quality of tone, use of head voice, cultivation of high notes. All his boys can sing upper A, and most of them B natural. An opportunity is offered of hearing the choir to good advantage to-morrow (Sunday) evening, when the Ascension Day service will be repeated. The selection of music will include *Lift Up Your Heads*, from the *Messiah*, an ambitious anthem for a boys' choir unassisted by women; a setting by E. H. Thorne of the forty-seventh Psalm, written for first

and second soprano and alto; also a difficult number and an exceptionally fine number by Tours.

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Signor Emilio Agramonte, the distinguished vocal teacher from New York, has arranged with the Toronto College of Music for a summer session. His services will be available from May until August 1. Signor Agramonte is one of the most successful teachers of the present day, and a long list of prominent teachers and solo singers occupying the highest positions in New York and other cities, testify to his ability. Miss Dora Taylor of London, Ont., who has been studying under Signor Agramonte during the past winter, is meeting with great success, and has lately been appointed solo contralto in Dr. Rainsford's church, New York city.

A vocal evening will be given at the main building of the College of Music, Pembroke street, on Thursday evening next, May 18, by pupils of Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan. The vocal students taking part are: Misses Etta Tait, Grace Milliken, Maude Landy, Ethel Robinson, Florence Taylor, Mabel Chester, Frances Bower, Mr. James Heron, Mr. W. Simpson, Mr. George Empingham, assisted by Miss Winifred Skeath Smith, violinist; Mr. Tom Kelly, pianist, and Mr. J. A. Brent, organ.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Toronto's popular and talented pianist, recently made his debut in New York, and *Musical America* gives him the following appreciative criticism: "At the new and pretty Knabe Hall there took place on Friday, April 28, the interesting recital of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, a Canadian pianist, who has recently been winning some golden opinions from even the most severe musical scribes in Europe's musical centers. Mr. Tripp chose a programme in which he could amply demonstrate the full measure of his versatility, and for this purpose he included compositions by Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt and Schumann, surely a most representative list. In all those qualities, technical and musical, that we demand from a modern piano-virtuoso, Mr. Tripp is unusually well equipped, and he has, besides, a certain ripe repose and scholarly earnestness that might be looked for vainly in players much more celebrated than this talented Canadian. His technic is encompassing, his tone full and of agreeable quality, and his interpretations are legitimate, without being in the least perfunctory. In New York made one of the most pleasant of this season's musical acquaintances, Miss Edith Miller, who assisted Mr. Tripp, and sang songs by Schumann, Brahms, Tosti, White and Franz, has a full, rich contralto voice, which she uses with infinite skill and taste. She came in for a liberal share of the enthusiastic applause bestowed by the small, but discriminating audience."

Mr. Leslie R. Bridgman, a talented pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, gave an organ recital in the Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday afternoon, when the programme, which was an exacting one, was rendered in a musicianly and skilful manner. It included the following standard works: Bach's Fugue in G minor (The Giant); Merck's Sonata in D minor (Allegro Risoluto, Andante, Allegro Risoluto, Fuga, Con Moto); Saint-Saens' Rhapsodie No. 1, E major (On Breton Melodies); Rhapsodie No. 3, A minor: Wagner-Werren's Introduction and Bridal Chorus (third act of Lohengrin); and Freyer's Concert Fantasy in C minor. Mr. Bridgman was assisted by Misses Mary Hamlin and Queenie McCoy, vocal pupils respectively of Mrs. J. W. Bradley and Miss Denzil.

The vocal recital given by pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy in the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday evening was attended by a large audience of musical people, who appreciated the efficient manner in which the various numbers on the programme were rendered. The following pupils took part: Misses Lizzie Roberts, Helen M. Minaker, Maud and Carrie Davidson, Maud Snarr, Florene McPherson, The-

nelle, especially arranged for ladies' voices, at 5 p.m., Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, June 14, 8 p.m., grand reception concert, with a chorus of one hundred and fifty specially trained voices under Mr. Schuch; also Jubilee Overture, arranged for eight pianos, being a new feature in Toronto. Full orchestra will be specially engaged on this occasion. A feature of the evening will be the ensemble violin number, consisting of twenty-five violins, cellos, harps and organ; also a ladies' mandolin and guitar club consisting of thirty-five members. The vocal solos will be performed by former graduates and gold medalists who have made their mark here and in New York. The superb Rubinstein Concerto, (piano and orchestra) played but once in Toronto, will be worth hearing. The evening will close with a drama showing the history of the institute. June 15 is *alumnae* day, and former pupils meet at 10 a.m. At 8 p.m. a grand concert, and Miss Ruby Shea's vocal graduating recital, will follow. This gifted young artist is well known. Instrumental solos will be the order of the evening. The piano ensemble will be given by former graduates who are anxious to assist their *alma mater*. The mandolin club particularly will help to brighten the closing scene of this occasion, so dear to all the friends of Loretto.

Next Tuesday evening there will be a choral service and organ recital in St. Luke's church, corner St. Joseph and St. George streets, under the direction of Mr. Geo. H. P. Darby, the organist and choirmaster of the church. The soloists will be Mr. Edmund W. Phillips, organist of St. George's church; Miss M. Paton, contralto, and Master Sydney Randall, soprano.

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The choir of St. Enoch's church, assisted by a number of well known vocalists, will render Farmer's oratorio, *Christ and His Soldiers*, on Monday evening, May 15. This work is very well known in England and Scotland as a simple and melodious production. A treat may be expected, as the chorals have been prepared with great care. The soloists on this occasion will be: Miss Annie Hallworth, Miss Louise Craig, Miss Georgina Young, Mrs. W. M. Douglass, Miss May Mackenzie, and Messrs. F. H. Ross, W. M. Douglass, W. L. Cutler, and R. Macintosh. Mr. William Selby, choirmaster, will conduct; Miss Mackay will preside at the piano-forte, and Mr. Maitland Thomson, organist of the church, at the organ. The recital will be given in the church, corner Winchester and Metcalfe streets.

Cupid's Defeat.

Dan Cupid went a-straying
A-dove a shady grove;
(O, a shady grove doth Cupid
Deary love!)
His round face with mischief glowed,
And his heart with sport overflowed,
And his little feet went noiseless
Down the grove.

A maiden shy sat reading,
A-reading in the grove;
(O, a maiden shy doth Cupid
Deary love!)
Her drooped eyes were filled with love,
Thoughts of men, of course, forewore—
And she recked not Cupid's coming
Down the grove.

Quoth Dan gayly, "Here's a chance
To a game of skill to prove!"
(O, a game like this doth Cupid
Deary love!)
He his bow upon her drew,
And an arrow quickly flew—
But it whistled lightly onward
Down the grove.

Thick and fast fell 'round the maid
The arrows in a drove;
(O, defeat like this doth Cupid
Little love!)
But they left her all unarm'd
Till vain Danny was unarmed,
And the wind went whistling gayly
Down the grove.

Cried Cupid, coming nearer,
"This mystery I must solve!"
(O, for once himself did Cupid
Little love!)
"What a fool! I shot that lass
Last week in the lecture class!"
And Dan Cupid kicked himself all
Down the grove.

LOUISE CAMPBELL GLOUCESTER, TORONTO, MAY 9.

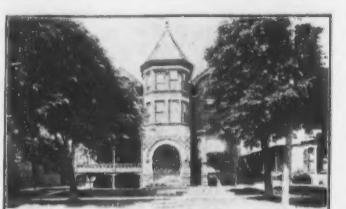
"Mr. Dooley."

THE intense longing of the world for something to laugh at is emphatically shown by the way in which Mr. Dooley, a book of inimitable humor written by a Chicago journalist—Mr. F. P. Dunne—has at once been taken into public favor. It is not only that critics both on this and the other side of the water have spoken highly of the book, but between thirty and forty thousand copies have already been bought at the bookstores of the United States, while the sale here and in Great Britain has similarly proved that a sense of humor still exists. Talking about Kipling, Mr. Dooley says: "What I like about Kipling is that his pomes is right off the bat, like me convulsions with you, me boy. He's a minyit man, a ready poete that sleeps like the dn-iver ivy truck 9, with his poetic pants in his boots beside his bed, an' him ready to jump out an' slide down th' pole th' minyit th' alarm sounds. . . . He's pridint in th' Pome Supply Company—fr-reash pothry delivered ivy day at yr dure. . . . Most poete I despise. But Roodyard Kipling's pothry is asly. Ye can skip through it while ye're atin' breakfast an' get a' correct idee in th' current news iv th' day—when the football game, how Sharkey is thraining for the fight, an' how many votes th' pro-hybitionists got fr' Governor iv the State iv Texas. No col' storage pothry fr' Kipling. Everything fr-reash an' up-to-date. All lays laid this mornin'."

On the "New Woman" Dooley is similarly entertaining. The good-natured way in which his satires on the Government and the war management of his own country have been received by the public of the United States, shows that there is in the United States a substratum of shrewd common sense which rather enjoys being laughed at for the manner in which it permits itself to be led by the nose by scheming politicians. Mr. Dooley certainly gives the latter no quarter. "He wields the shaft of ridicule with an unerring aim," says the London *Spectator*, and the reader of him cannot but confess that the statement is true.

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I am glad to be able to pronounce favorably on the effects of the **Homburg Salts** from personal experience. I benefited greatly from them, being a sufferer for a long time from a very acute form of Gout, attacking the upper as well as the lower extremities. I was not only relieved, but found that the attacks were deferred.

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Social and Personal.

St. James' cathedral attracted a fashionable gathering on Wednesday to witness the marriage of Miss May Todd, daughter of the late Mr. Thornton Todd, to Mr. Chas. Edgar Byron, R.N., secretary to Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, K.C.B. The ceremony was performed by Bishop DuMoulin. The groom entered the church with the groomsman, Mr. Frank Payne, and the bride was led in by her brother-in-law, Mr. Le Mesurier. The attendants of the bride were her sister, Miss Andrene Todd, and the Misses Frou Le Mesurier and Muriel Strathy. The ushers were Mr. E. Kelly Evans and Mr. Bedford-Jones. The bridal service was fully choral, fourteen boy choristers preceding the bridal party up the aisle singing the hymn "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden." As the bride and groom went up to the altar rail the Deas Misereatur was sung, and before the blessing was given the beautiful hymn "O Perfect Love" was rendered with fine effect by the boy choristers. Before the ceremony Dr. Albert Ham gave on the organ Cantilene Nuptiale (Dubois), the Bridal March (Creser) and the bridal march from Lohengrin, and as the bridal party left the cathedral Dr. Ham played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The ceremony was a brilliant one in every detail, and the costumes of the bride and her attendants very beautiful. A reception followed at the residence of the bride's mother in Spadina road, and Mr. and Mrs. Byron left the same evening for the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Van Norman of 282 Carlton street will not occupy their summer residence at Lake Simcoe—The Cedars—this season. Mrs. Van Norman, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Estelle, and her youngest son, Master Clarence, sails to-day for England, and intends remaining in Great Britain and on the Continent until the end of September.

The ladies of Loretto Abbey will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary on June 13, 11, and 12 at their new music hall in Wellington place. The jubilee will consist of a grand musical festival, with Mr. E. W. Schuch as musical director, and will be under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat, and Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Among the lady patronesses will be: Mrs. Law, Mrs. Scales, Mrs. O'Keefe, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. King Dodds, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Lang, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Plunkett, and others.

Mrs. Alfred Denison went to Ottawa last week for a few days.

A jolly fishing party to Muskoka are putting in a healthy and lazy fortnight. Legal lights and good fellows every one.

Mrs. Dymond of 430 Markham street entertained the German Conversation Club on last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Pearson and her daughter, Miss Pearson, are on a visit to Mrs. George Tuck, Mance street, Montreal.

The Pantheon Retiring From Business.

On account of the entrance of Mr. Watson McClain, for the past eleven years manager of the Pantheon, into the firm of Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co., the entire stock of the Pantheon has to be immediately disposed of. The store will be closed henceforth for a few days in order to mark down the prices of the entire stock of fine china, art pottery, lamps, etc. A reference to the advertisement of this firm shows that the lease has been disposed of, and consequently the entire stock must be sold at once, and to accomplish this as speedily as possible, prices will be cut in two.

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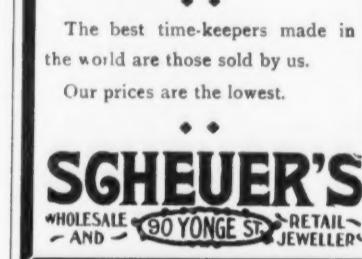
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Irondale, Bancroft & Ottawa Railway Co.

Leave Toronto.....8:05 a.m.

Arrive Lindsay.....11:00 a.m.

Leave Lindsay.....11:20 a.m.

Arrive I. B. & O. Jct. 12:00 p.m.

Leave I. B. & O. Jct. 2:30 p.m.

Arrive Bancroft.....5:25 p.m.

Returning leave Bancroft.....11:00 a.m.

Arrive Toronto.....9:05 p.m.

(Daily except Sunday.)

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Duff Scott are at 39 Sussex avenue, where Mrs. Scott receives on the neighborhood day, Tuesday.

Lady Joly de Lotbinere, who has been spending a short time with Mrs. G. W. Allan at Moss Park, and in whose honor several quiet affairs were given, returned to Ottawa on Saturday last, that being the anniversary of her marriage to Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinere.

Mr. Hugo Ross was in Ottawa for a short visit this week.

Miss Tully went last Saturday on a visit to Peterboro'.

Mrs. Postlethwaite of Wellington Place has left the city to spend a couple of weeks with friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. McKellar of Wellesley street left last week for the Island, where Mr. McKellar has taken Killarney, Center Island.

Dr. George Ryerson's boys, who contracted scarlet fever last Easter at Atlantic City, have gotten over it well and returned home.

The sale of Mr. O'Brien's paintings on Wednesday was a very gratifying success, there being a large attendance of well known people. Nearly all the pictures were sold and at good figures.

The Tampa cadets will give an entertainment at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening of next week.

The Minto Bicycle Club will go botanizing to-day, starting from the usual place of meeting. Members who have not obtained badges can procure them from the secretary.

"Is Tommie any relation of yours?" asked a gentleman of Bobbie; "he has the same name as yours." "Yes," said Bobbie, "his papa married my mamma." —Bazaar.

Coroner — Was the victim conscious when you reached him? Pat — Yes, sor; he wort. But becunus us, I don't believe he knew ut.—Philadelphia North American.

Palmer Coyne — Put not your trust in riches. Byrne Coyne — No; put your riches in trusts.—Life.

—You can't always judge a man's character by his clothes. She — You can by those of his wife! —Judy.

Dress for the Jockey Club Meeting.

Within a few days all Toronto will be on the tip-top of expectancy in the swirl of another grand social function, the race meet of the Ontario Jockey Club. In the meantime a gentleman who is a student of style at all will give his attention in his own wardrobe to having correctly fashioned garments for such an event. Now there are so many incongruities in dress at such times that it's the easiest thing in the world for one to appear in styles quite inappropriate to such an occasion. Better consult so high an authority on dress as Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block. He is showing novel designs in apparel and race garments generally.

Readers of SATURDAY NIGHT may easily spend four cents in ordering from Captain Melville of Toronto street, city, the edition of the London *England Times*, which gives from an English standpoint, published in the world's chief city, a review of the weekly progress of the world. As the press is above prejudice and rivalry, our readers may follow our recommendation with advantage and enlarge the parview of life by asking Captain Melville to send them this cheap and excellent summary of news culled from every quarter of the globe.

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"SYMPHONIUM, LONDON, ENG."
Telephone No. 8748.

Park Lodge, Albert Gate, S.W.

April 24th, 1899.

Mr. Dear Mr. Heintzman:

I have sung to your piano on my two Canadian tours, and at the close of my second season in Canada I feel I would be lacking in courtesy did I not congratulate you on the high character of the instrument which you produce. My recital programmes involve a wide selection of songs of most varied characteristics and require of necessity a piano capable in the highest degree of the most delicate inflections and the widest range, alternating from fine pianissimo effects to the most powerful manifestations of dramatic force.

To those demands I found your instrument most responsive. I can assure you that it was to me as an Englishman the greatest pleasure to find so splendid a piano assisting in the musical prestige of Her Majesty's foremost colony. With kindest regards, I remain, sincerely yours,

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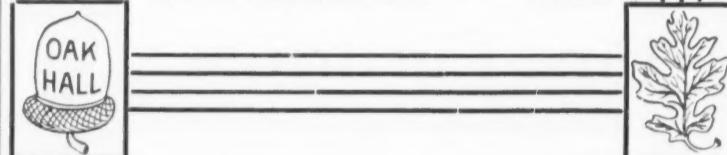
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But the modern processes you must use the whole of the grain. You cannot reject any part of the wheat without upsetting Nature's plan and robbing some part of the human system of the nourishment intended for it.

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Shredded Wheat Biscuit

the whole of the wheat is used, and in the process of converting the raw grain into Shredded Wheat Biscuit all of its valuable properties are retained in exactly their proper proportion, thus making Shredded Wheat Biscuit the perfect food.

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June - Going!
JULY - GONE!!

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The Weekly Sun.
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Canadian Cigar and Tobacco Journal.
The Liquor Journal.
The Canadian Wheelman.
Montreal Gazette.
The Cassier Magazine.
The Howell Book Company.
One small office and a suite of rooms suitable for a publishing concern are yet vacant. Apply to the secretary of the Sheppard Publishing Company.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CLARK — May 11, Mr. J. T. Clark — a daughter.
HARSTON — At 23 Borden street, May 2, the wife of W. A. Harston — a son.
HOFFMAN — May 1, Mrs. J. Hilton Hoffman — a daughter.
MCNAUL — May 8, Mrs. R. J. Macaulay — a daughter.
WHITE — May 8, Mrs. F. J. White — a daughter.
CRAWFORD — May 10, Mrs. A. J. Crawford — a son.

Marriages.

BUTON — Tom — Mr. J. Charles Edgar Byron
McGEORGIN — May 6, Mrs. J. Stevenson
BURTON — STEVENSON — May 6, Montreal; Edgar
S. Burton of Toronto to Winifred Maud
Stevenson.
CHARIER — PILON — May 9, Theophile Chartier
of Montreal to Charlotte Pilon of Toronto.

Deaths.

COTON — Battleford, N.W.T., May 7, Major
John Colvin, aged 51.
SCOTT — May 9, Mrs. John Scott, aged 89.
HARMAN — May 9, Emily Harman, aged 16.
COLVIN — May 9, Stratford, Mrs. Fred. J. Colvin.

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